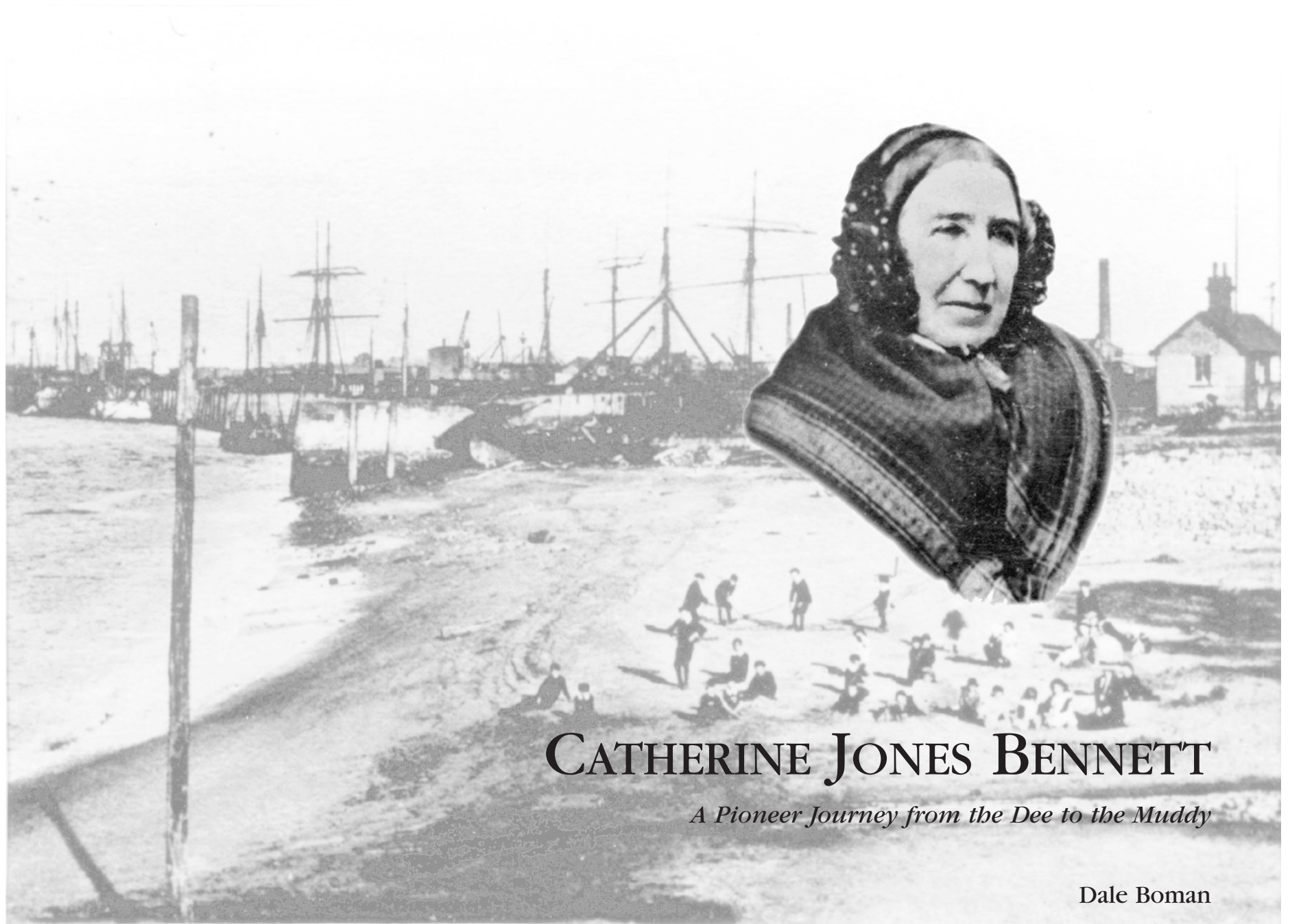




# CATHERINE JONES BENNETT

*A Pioneer Journey from the Dee to the Muddy*

Dale Boman



# CATHERINE JONES BENNETT

*A Pioneer Journey from the Dee to the Muddy*

Dale Boman



*Yes, my native land, I love thee,  
All thy scenes I love them well,  
Friends, connexions, happy country!  
Can I bid you all farewell?  
Can I leave thee—  
Far in distant lands to dwell?*

*Home! thy joys are passing lovely;  
Joys no stranger heart can tell!  
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!  
Can I—can I—say Farewell?  
Can I leave thee—  
Far in distant lands to dwell?*

*Holy scenes of joy and gladness,  
Ev'ry fond emotion swell,  
Can I banish heart-felt sadness  
While I bid my home farewell?  
Can I leave thee—  
Far in distant lands to dwell*

*Yes! I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I love so well!  
Far away, ye billows, bear me.,  
Lovely, native land farewell!  
Pleas'd I leave thee—  
Far in distant lands to dwell.*

*In the deserts let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell,  
How he died—the blessed Savior  
To redeem a world from hell!  
Let me hasten,  
Far in distant lands to dwell,*

*Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
Let the winds my canvass swell—  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell,  
Glad I bid thee,  
Native land!—Farewell—Farewell.*

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### ON THE INTERNET

This book will be available in Adobe Acrobat format to be downloaded and printed from the internet. Other new information about Catherine Jones Bennett and the Bennett family will also be posted at the following internet address:

www.myfamily.com  
username: bennettbenjamin  
password: connahsquay

Reprints of this book can be ordered by sending a check for \$10.00 to Dale Boman, 240 S Main Salem, UT 84653. (801) 423-1333 email: dale@daleboman.com

June 25, 2002

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## Accidental Genealogist

I would like to thank everyone who came to the dedication and to everyone who made it possible. Our blood relationship hasn't changed any because of this experience, but I am sure that somehow we are a little more bonded to each other and to Catherine Jones Bennett.

In 1996, my sister Christine Dent had a reunion in Holden, Utah for the descendants of my grandmother Lucille Kenney Christiansen. The last time we got together on her behalf was at her funeral in 1974.

My uncles Bry and Wayne took us on a tour of Holden. When I saw Benjamin Bennett's grave at the cemetery, I was very surprised to read about his wife Catherine: "buried on the plains 100 miles east S.L.C." I had no idea that any of my ancestors actually died crossing the plains. I had assumed that they all made it to Utah.

Later, I was looking at the family history records of my mother Colleen Christiansen Boman and saw the photograph of Benjamin, Catherine, and Elizabeth Bennett. "Hey! Those are the people on the gravestone!"

Last year, the 150th anniversary of the first pioneers, (I can't bring myself to use the *sesq* word) I decided to find out just how many pioneer ancestors I did have. I started looking at some genealogy sheets and saw different entries about Catherine Jones Bennett's death: C.T.P., Crossing the Plains, 100 miles from Salt Lake, Muddy Creek, or Muddy Station.

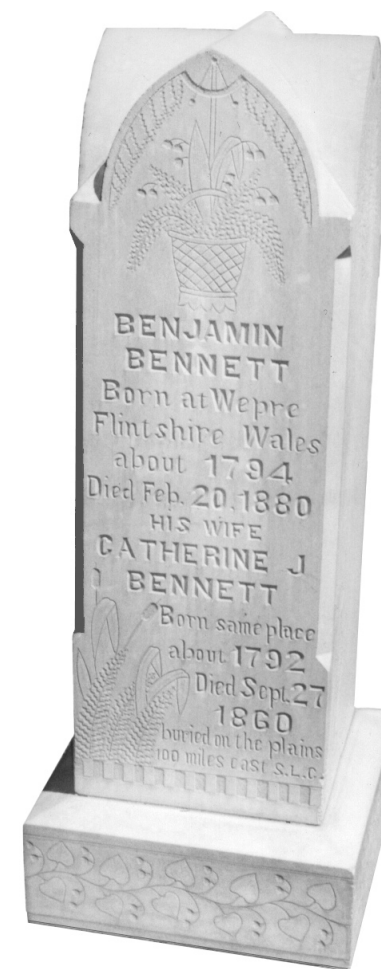
On Memorial Day weekend of 1997, I was on a trip

to Jackson, Wyoming, and took a detour route through Kemmerer. A few miles north of the I-80 on the highway, I went past a sign that read "Muddy Creek." I had to turn my Land cruiser around to make sure that's what the sign said. Was it *the* Muddy Creek?

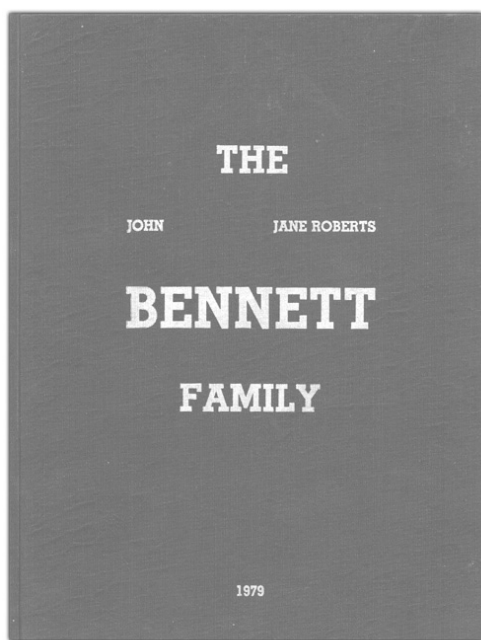
On the way home, I stopped at the visitors center at Fort Bridger and found out more about where the Mormon Trail crossed Muddy Creek. I pulled-off the freeway at Muddy Creek and followed the dirt road to where I would have camped if I were a pioneer. It ended up that I *was* right where the pioneers did camp, only I didn't know. I went home and searched on the Internet for telephone numbers of people in Fort Bridger. After a few calls, someone gave me the number of the Guild family and their daughter, Wendy Peterson. I called her and talked a little, but they were busy getting ready to host the re-enactment wagon train on their ranch. She told me she could show me around the area sometime.

In May of this year (1998), Christine told me about Mabel Bennett Williams and about Geoffrey and Elsie Arnold visiting from Wales. My sister Karen Wilcox, her husband Rob and I went to visit them. They are such delightful people and exactly what I hoped relatives from Great Britain would be like. (I kept thinking that Geoffrey was Richard Bucket, husband of Hyacinth on PBS television). We all decided to go out to Piedmont, Wyoming, and see what Wendy could show us.

In the meantime, I went up to the LDS Church Archives in Salt Lake City, looking for journals of the William Budge Company. I was surprised to find that







*Mabel Bennett William's book, 1979. It is referred to so often at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, that they just call it "the red book." There are still copies available. Contact Mabel Bennett 358 North 1000 East, Spanish Fork, UT 84660 (801) 798-2020*

two journals (of father and son) mentioned the death of Catherine Jones Bennett. The journal of Joel Hills Johnson had more details than that of his son Nephi, so I copied the entries in his journal from around the time Catherine died.

We took all the information I had and met Wendy and her mom Jody Guild in Wyoming. It was a cold day and they took us in their four-wheel drive vehicles across the creek and showed us the area of the Pony Express Station, which was just across the creek from where I had been on my own. Wendy and her children spent the whole evening before, combing the area, looking for any possible graves and showed them to us.

Mabel was our leader in searching for the stone that belonged to Catherine Jones Bennett. We found several possible places, but Mabel had a feeling about one particular stone. I was happy to be in the general area of where Catherine died, considering there were three Muddy Creeks in the area that spread out for miles. We felt good that day and decided to see if there was enough interest among relatives to put a marker there.

Then came the glitch. The Guilds started looking at the journal of Joel Hills Johnson, and saw that his descriptions of the trail did not match the mileages and actual places in that area. Wendy called Dr. LaMar C. Berrett, noted authority of the Mormon Trail. He knows about every inch of the pioneer trail and was then helping the Guilds get ready to put up the D.U.P. monument at Muddy Creek Camp. He knew of the Johnson journal and thought he could help us reconcile it. "Before I help you, you have to do *your* homework," he told me in a later phone call. He had me search all of the journals

from the William Budge Company to glean as much information as I could. I did, and I guess that is in part why I am writing this book—because I found out so many things.

I went with a friend from work to Dr. Berrett's house and he pulled out piles of large topographical maps, each smeared with notes about who camped where, when, and had marked every inch on the map, indicating whether the original pioneer trail was visible, and what condition it was in. He set things straight for us. Johnson's journal was right on. Berrett knew about the detour called "Joseph W's Cut-Off" which departed from the Mormon Trail and went around Fort Bridger, and suddenly everything in the journal made sense. This let us trust what he said about the burial place of Catherine Jones Bennett.

The idea of a marker was on again! We sent out the flyers to whomever we knew. Christine had the local newspaper in Millard County make an announcement. The Spanish Fork paper also made an announcement and things took off from there. Mabel orchestrated things.

On August 15th, we knew we had enough money for a monument. We called the Sons of the Utah Pioneers and the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and a few other experts. They all suggested an aluminum plaque. Jim Peters of *Interpretive Graphics* in Salt Lake City has been in charge of the production of the plaque.

Then I got worried that a cow might scratch itself on the plaque and break it off. A fence would both protect the plaque and set apart the area as a sort of hallowed space. We had enough money left over for a

fence. I went to see DeLoy Larson of *Larson's Ornamental Iron* in Pleasant Grove. He practically adopted Catherine Jones Bennett. His craftsmanship is very fine. He even made special tools. "I don't want to get on the other side and see her and have her ask me why I didn't do such a good job on her fence," he told me. The fence should last a long time.

Mabel has to be the one to thank most for erecting this monument. She has a vision and won't be deterred. While we have been doing this project, she lost her husband Glen who went with us on the first trip to Muddy Creek. And her book on the Bennetts has been my Bible for the last six months.

Christine Dent has done lots of footwork for this project. She is the one who introduced me to Mabel and Geoffrey and Elsie. Her family installed the plaque and built the bridge over the creek for the dedication. Geoffrey has done lots of research in Wales for us and he headed up the coalition of family members who contributed from there. I kidnapped my niece Brooke Wilcox from school one day and made her type on a laptop computer all day at the LDS Church archives. Rob and Brett Wilcox left imposing deadlines in their work to go out and install the fence.

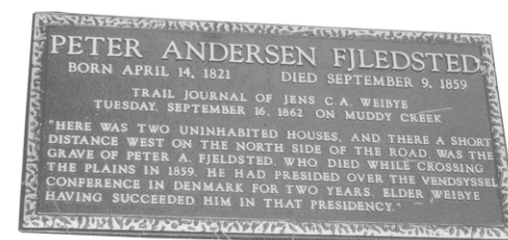
The Guilds, Wendy Peterson, and Dr. LaMar C. Berrett have all been indispensable for the help they have given. Jody Guild even let us have a picnic lunch in her kitchen on that blustery day last spring.

#### ABOUT THIS BOOK.

Let's consider it a first draft. Be forgiving. It has consumed my life since we went to Muddy Creek that day.



*Wendy Peterson, Gay McHargue, Geoffrey and Elsie Arnold at Muddy Station in May 1998 searching for Catherine's grave.*



*Fjeldsted's marker. He was buried a year before Catherine Jones Bennett. The pioneer diary quoted on the marker from a trip in 1862—two years after Catherine's death—mentions the buildings at the site and one grave. Evidently, Catherine's grave was not noticeable, even then. This could be why when the John Bennett family came through in 1863, they did not see her grave, either. An earlier grave in Catherine Bennett's group was marked with just a buffalo skull.*



*Mabel's rock. This is the rock we chose to represent Catherine's burial place.*

*Rob and Brett Wilcox installed the fence.*





*Looking southeast toward the Muddy Creek Camp from Catherine Jones Bennett's marker site.*

If you went to my house, you would notice that my garden and a lot more were put on hold this summer for this book. It is the result of research I have done this year. I wanted to center it around what we know about Catherine Jones Bennett, and what we can infer from others who were alive at the same time, or went through the same experiences she did. This is not Bennett family history. It will not replace Mabel's book, from which I quote freely in this book. If she hadn't written her book twenty years ago, we would never know what we do know about the Bennetts. Most of the people she talked to for her book are dead now. There are fewer and fewer of us who pass on the things we do know. I have an old trunk that my grandma Lucille Kenney Christiansen gave me. She told me it came across the plains in a covered wagon. I don't know whose it was. All of my grandma's siblings are gone. My mom is gone. Did it come from Wales? Ireland? Denmark? I don't know.

When you find errors in this book, let me know. If you have additional information, let me know. We will reprint this book as we get enough orders and enough money. I got lots of information from the Internet. Even Joel Hills Johnson's pioneer journal is on the Internet. So Catherine Jones Bennett, born in in Wales in 1792, is on the Internet!

I hope this monument to Catherine Jones Bennett will somehow help us and future generations to connect with our past. —Dale Boman PO Box 324, Salem, UT 84653, ph 801-423-1333



*Dale Boman and his llamas Erastus and Milton, named after his two grandfathers.*

Honor to the memory of the weary pilgrims who fell as martyrs by the wayside. And while we frequently visit the graves of our beloved ones, and place flowers and evergreens on the little mounds, . . . let us occasionally drop a flower in memory of our brethren and sisters who slumber in unknown graves beyond the summits of the mighty Wasatch. And as we look toward the East from whence they came, let us remember that they perished with their faces set toward the land where the Lord has blessed us and made us prosperous and comfortable. Exhausted and suffering from cold and disease they laid down their lives for Zion, for the religion of Christ and their friends. We shall greet these martyrs in the resurrection.

Andrew Jenson, from  
Journal History of the Church  
"Emigration to Utah in 1860"

**EMIGRANTS! ATTENTION!!**  
**Smith's Daguerrean Gallery,**  
*Opposite Kanessville Hotel. Open on Saturday.*  
**C**ALIFORNIA, Oregon and Salt Lake emigrants, can have their pictures taken in the most improved mode and most fashionable style, at Smith's Gallery, and forwarded safely to any part of the United States, British Provinces, or Great Britain. Medium Picture \$2 00.  
 "Think not these portraits by the sunlight made,—  
 SHADES though they are, will like a shadow fade.  
 No! when the lip of flesh in dust shall be,—  
 When death's grey film o'erspreads the beaming eye,  
 These life-like pictures, mocking at decay,  
 Will still be fresh and vivid as to-day." may 13  
**Do You Want a Picture of Your House, Store, Tent, &c.**  
**H**AVING one of the best view Cameras in the United States, I will be prepared on Saturday, to take the views of  
**Houses, Stores, Tents, Wagons, Graves, &c.**  
**AT MODERATE PRICES.**  
**SMITH.**  
 Opposite Kanessville Hotel.  
 Kanessville, May 13th, 1852.

*Photographer's ad in the the Frontier Guardian in Kanessville, Iowa, in 1852. Renowned pioneer photographer C.R. Savage had left Florence to go west just a few days before the Bennetts arrived there.*



*Catherine Jones Bennett, Benjamin Bennett, and daughter Elizabeth—traveling companions on the journey from Connah's Quay to Utah. This is the only known photograph of Catherine Jones Bennett. It could have been taken before they left Wales or as late as July of 1860 in Florence, Nebraska, where photographers set up studios to sell souvenir photos. "The immigrants crowding through Council Bluffs on their way to "Zion," although poor, wanted portraits of their family members." [Bradley W. Richards, The Savage View, p21] It was probably an ambrotype. The frame of the original photograph is visible on the left. Whereabouts of the original is unknown.*

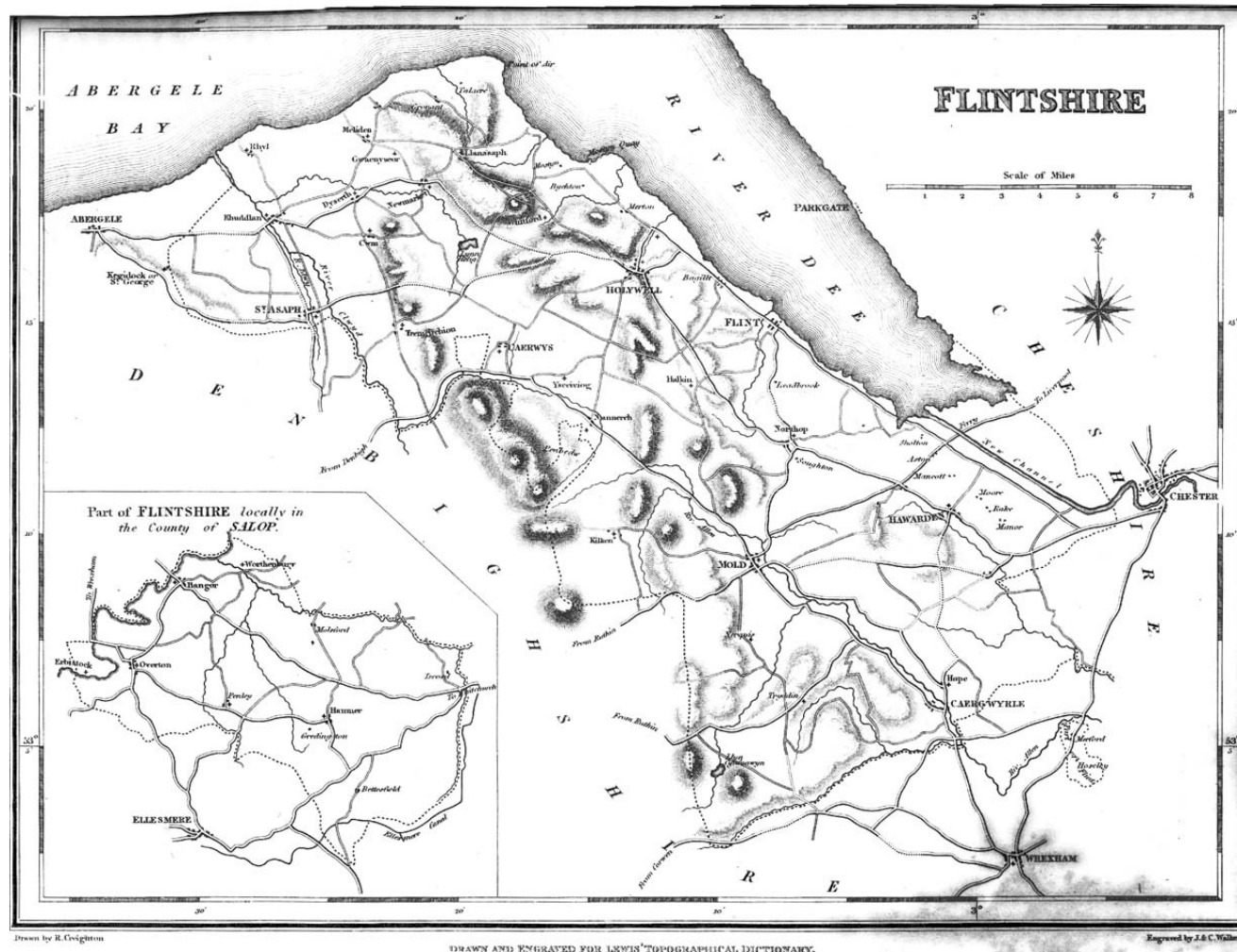


*Mark on the backside of this copy shows that it was made by G. E. Anderson photographer, whose studio was located in Salt Lake City between 1877 and 1885. [Dale Boman]*





Map of Wales from 1833.[A Topographical Dictionary of Wales, S. Lewis, 1833, Lee Library, BYU]



Map of Flintshire, 1833. Connab's Quay was not yet on the map.[A Topographical Dictionary of Wales, S. Lewis, 1833, Lee Library, BYU]

Here is the introduction to Wales from Mabel's book.

As I read about the country of our forefather's birth, . . . I see a land less than half as large as our dear Utah. It is bordered on the east by England, the Dee River and Irish Sea on the north, on the south the Bristol Channel, and the Cardigan Bay forms an irregular boundary on the west. This small country has many hills, valleys and mountains. Much rain is blown in from the Atlantic Ocean making the grass lush and green, providing feed for the small herds of sheep and cattle. The mountains of Wales contain vast coal mines and other minerals. This land was the land of King Arthur and his Round Table.

There is much to be said about the Welsh people and their love for music, their beautiful voices, their ability to compose stories and poetry. The Bennetts were true-blooded Welshmen and with the above traits also possessed the desire to be known as hard working, trustworthy, god-fearing and happy people.

Our Bennetts lived in Flintshire near the shores of the Dee River. The water rushes down from Chester and becomes a great shipping channel as it widens and flows on out to the sea. Because of the channel, it was a matter of logic for the villages along it's banks to have shipyards. To be the scene of weary fishermen checking their nets after a long day of hauling in their catch; for one to be disturbed with the blast from the fog horns as the schooners signal their going and coming through the soupy mist, or to be able to quietly hear the lapping of the water against

the pier, jetty or boats laying anchored in the port.

In the late 1700s and early 1800s it was the "set of the sail" and the breeze that was so important to the success of the voyage; and the fate of the ship and her crew, depended largely on the capability of the captain. [Mabel]

#### THE AREA AROUND CONNAH'S QUAY

Take a look at genealogy charts for the Bennetts and the place names are somewhat confusing. Were the Bennetts from Connah's Quay or Golftyn or Wepre or Flintshire or Nine Houses, or Primrose Hill. We're talking about several little villages in and around Connah's Quay where the Bennetts are from. They are in a very small area And at different times these villages have belonged to different parishes.

When I went through the census records for that area names like Bennett, Jones, Hughes, Davies and Coppack kept repeating over and over. I guess almost everyone over there was related back then. The following general information about the area is from GENUKI: The UK & Ireland Genealogical Information Service. It is a place on the internet that has lots of information for genealogists.

#### FLINTSHIRE

In 1720 Flintshire was described in this way:

"The County of Flint is 40 Miles in Circumference. The Air is good but pleasant, somewhat cold by reason of the North Wind. The Soil is not so mountainous as in other parts of Wales, for here are many Valleys and Cornfields,

*Yes, my native land, I love thee,  
All thy scenes I love them well,  
Friends, connexions, happy country!  
Can I bid you all farewell?*

## *The Bennetts of Connah's Quay*

#### PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Connah	as in congress
Quay	key
Hawarden	harden
Wepre	wepper
Golftyn	golf-tin





Geoffrey Arnold has been busy this fall and has sent information from Wales, which arrived too late to be put in its proper place in this book, hence the pages 12A and 12B.9

He has researched the location of and photographed the residence of Benjamin and Catherine Bennett. He has also researched the area of Nine Houses

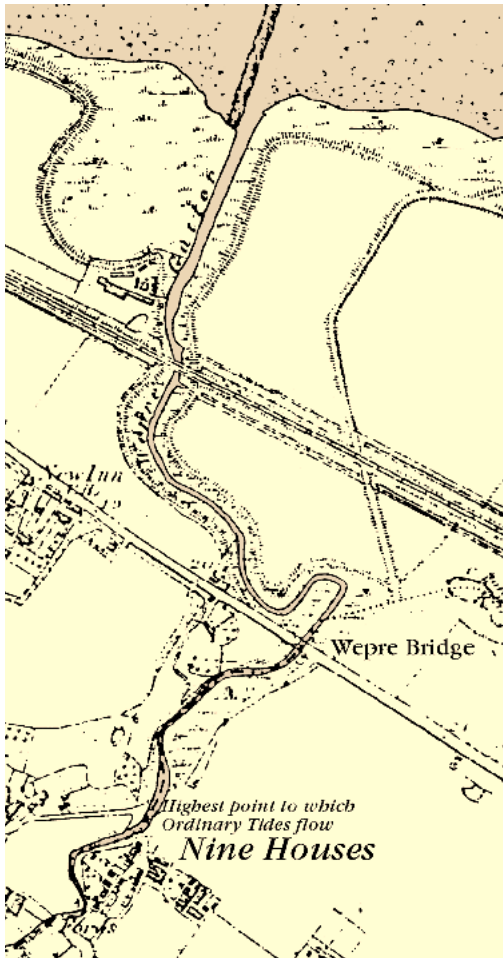
where Benjamin's parents Benjamin and Elizabeth Millington Bennett lived. Geoffrey has also found this map, reprinted in September of 1998, the same month of the dedication. It is detailed enough to show the area of Golftyn where Benjamin Bennett lived and the area of Primrose Hill where John Bennett lived. The back of the map has a history of Connah's Quay by R Vic Williams who has helped Geoffrey in his research. Forthcoming

*This is Penlan (or Penyllan) formerly Terrace, then Place, and now Street in Golftyn, Connah's Quay. No.7, where Benjamin and Catherine Bennett lived with all their family, is the house with the For Sale board on the front. The windows would originally have been like those in No. 13.*

*Pen-Y-Llan is a Welsh word meaning head-of-the-village or parish. Notice on the map that Pen-Y-Llan is nearest to the Church of St. Mark which stands on top the highest point in the district. Hence, head or top of the village or parish of Golftyn..*







*Detail of Ordnance Survey Map 1869-1874. Benjamin Bennett's parents, Benjamin and Elizabeth Millington Bennett lived in this area. By 1841, according to the census, Elizabeth was living in Penn-Y-Lann Place. She may have moved there some time after her husband died in 1830. Left: Two of the extant homes at Nine Houses. Notice the satellite dish.*

is information about property owned by the Bennetts.

## NINE HOUSES

Benjamin and Elizabeth Millington Bennett, parents of Benjamin Bennett, lived at Nine Houses. Geoffrey found a very interesting note in his research.

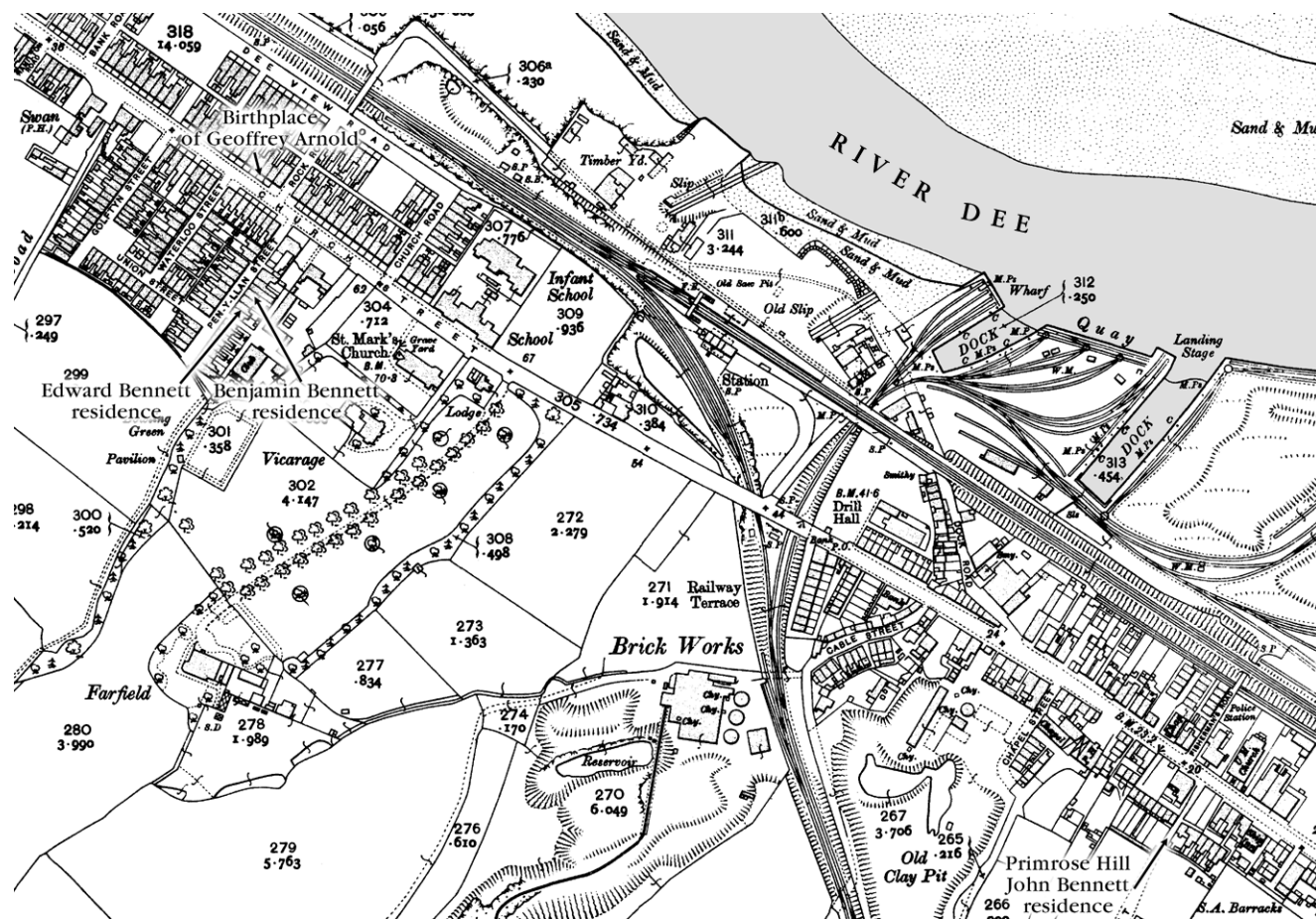
Chester County Court 1870 Glynne versus Hewitt,

Sir Stephen Glynne and the Right Honourable the Earl Spencer (the great great grandfather of Princess Diana) had bought all the land and dwellings of the 'Nine Houses' in Shotton in 1832. The 'end house' was ruinous and in 1851 he had it pulled down. without permission, Hewitt

took it over and built a midden on it and let it out to his pigs. Glynne, now in 1879, sought to eject Hewitt for his trespass. Glynne failed on a technical point of law—his action was time barred—he'd left it too late to sue!!

Therefore the Nine Houses were there before 1832 albeit one of them uninhabitable. After 1851 there were, in fact, only 8 houses, although the title 'Nine Houses' persists to today.





*Opposite:*

*Map of area around Connab's Quay. Map was made in the 1840s, railroads were added to the map in the 1890s. Thought the Bennetts and Joneses lived in Flint county, Chester, England was more a more important center. The parish of Connab's Quay was created as recently as 1844. Northop, Shotton, Golftyn, Wepre, and Hawarden were all much better established. Nine houses, where Benjamin Bennett's father lived is near Wepre. [Map Collection Lee Library, BYU]*

*Detail of Map of Connab's Quay. 1910 Showing Penn-Y-Lan, the street where the Benjamin Bennett family lived. Their son Edward lived in this area, too, as did Benjamin Bennett's mother in 1841. Geoffrey Arnold, grandson of Edward, was born a few blocks away.*

*On this map 1 inch = about 352 feet..*

*Copies of this and other maps are available. Their charge is L1.95 per map plus 25% to allow for airmail p&p. On credit card orders they normally only charge the actual postage, normally less than 25%. They accept Visa or Mastercard. However, please note they have a minimum charge of L5 so it is worth ordering at least 2 maps.*

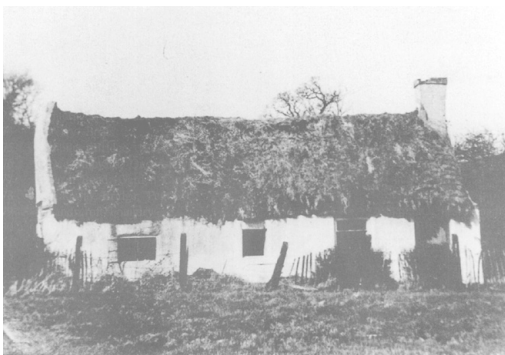
*Alan Godfrey Maps  
The Off Quay Building, Foundry Lane  
Newcastle upon Tyne, NE6 1LH  
UK*

*alangodfreymaps@btinternet.com*





*Hawarden Village before the days of the motor car. Apart from the presence of cars, this scene is practically the same today.*  
[Geoffrey Arnold]



*Thatched Cottage, Golftyn Lane. One of the oldest buildings in Connah's Quay, built around 1600. [Connah's Quay, Shotton & Queensferry: A Portrait in Old Photographs and Picture Postcards, S.B. Publications]*

*Hawarden Parish Church on the left. The Old Rectory—now the Flintshire County Records Office—on the right. [Geoffrey Arnold]*

loaden with Wheat, Barley, Pease, Oats, &c. Its chief commodities are Cattle, Butter, Cheese, Pit-Coal, Lead, Milstones, and Honey, with which they make Metheglin."

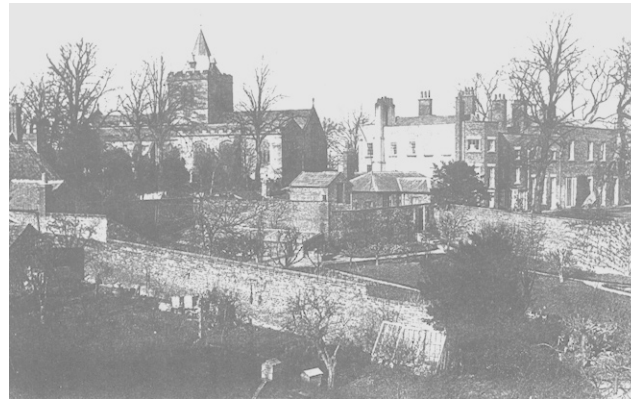
[Emanuel Bowen, Britannia Depicta, 1720]

The County of Flint came into existence in 1284, when following many years of warfare, Edward I proclaimed the Statute of Wales at Rhuddlan.

In 1536, Henry VIII passed the Act of Union, which decreed that Wales should be incorporated into the kingdom of England. He also decreed that all areas of land which had not, until then, been included in a county should either be made into counties, or be added to existing counties. With minor adjustments, this was the format of Flintshire for the next 435 years, until the "reorganization" of 1974. [www.genuki.org.uk]

#### HAWARDEN/PENARLG

"Hawarden (pronounced Harden), a small town, consisting of little more than one street, half-a-mile in length, pleasantly situated on an eminence. It is of great antiquity, and the remains of fortified posts around it serve to remind



that it has been the scene of conflict, and bravely defended against hostile attack. Its early British name was "Pen-y-Llwch" .... i.e. the head of the swamp or lake; which accords with the tradition that the adjacent low land was formerly under water. In the record of the Norman survey, the name is written "Haordin". [From Black's Picturesque Guide to North Wales, 1879] [www.genuki.org.uk]

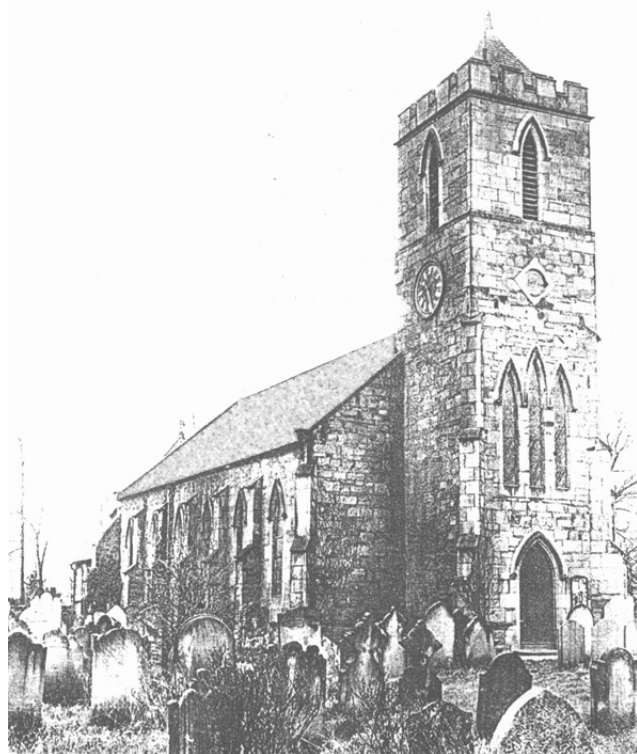
#### NORTHOP/LIANEURGAIN

"This place, which has obtained its present appellation in contradistinction to East, or Queen's Hope, was by the Welsh called "Llan-Eurgain," from the dedication of its first church to St. Eurgain, niece of St. Asaph, the second bishop of the see which from him derived its name. The parish, which is of very considerable extent, is situated on the estuary of the Dee, .... The village, which is large, is pleasantly situated in a fertile and beautiful tract of country, abounding with finely varied and highly picturesque scenery, and is surrounded on all sides by elegant villas and handsome seats, inhabited by opulent families. ... The parish is rich in mineral treasure: coal and lead-ore have been worked here for several centuries; an extensive colliery is still carried on in the hamlet of Soughton" [A Topographical Dictionary of Wales, S. Lewis, 1834]

Northop is one of the ancient parishes of Flintshire, and originally consisted of the eight townships of Caerfallwich, Golftyn, Kelsterton, Leadbrook Major, Leadbrook Minor, Northop, Soughton (or Sychtyn) and Wepre. In 1844, the townships of Leadbrook, Kelsterton, Golftyn and Wepre went to the newly created parish of Connah's Quay [www.genuki.org.uk]

## CONNAH'S QUAY

"In the hamlet of Golftyn a large quay and pier have been constructed, within the last few years, by the Irish Coal Company, and vessels sail regularly from this place for Liverpool, London, and Dublin, and the ports of North Wales. A very large ale and porter brewery, the first of the kind established in this county, was erected in the hamlet of Kelsterton, in the year 1818, and is conducted upon a very extensive scale and with great advantage to the proprietors: from this establishment part of the city of



Chester, and this and the adjoining counties are supplied." [A Topographical Dictionary of Wales, S. Lewis, 1834]

The town of Connah's Quay began to develop some two hundred years ago, on the banks of the estuary of the River Dee, in the parish of Northop. By the mid-Victorian period, it had become a busy port, with a thriving ship-building industry.

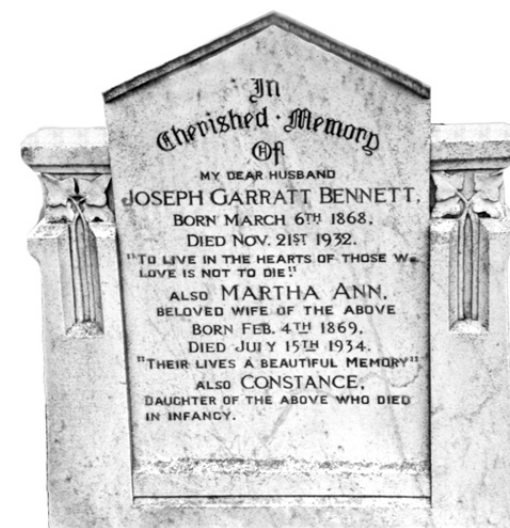
The precise identity of "Connah" remains uncertain, despite considerable activity by researchers. The parish registers of the adjacent parish of Hawarden have entries for Connah (under various spellings) dating from the sixteenth century - it is generally believed that there is a connection.

The new parish of Connah's Quay was created on 31 January 1844, from the townships of Wepre, Golftyn, Kelsterton, Leadbrook Major and Leadbrook Minor (all formerly in the parish of Northop). In 1872, the townships of Leadbrook Major and Leadbrook Minor were transferred to the parish of Flint. In 1831- Connah's Quay was not a separate parish. [www.genuki.org.uk]

## SHOTTON

By the third quarter of the nineteenth century, the Shotton district of the parish of Hawarden was becoming increasingly industrialized, with a rapidly increasing population. The Shotton area remained within the parish of Hawarden until 30 May 1921, when the new parish of Shotton was created, from parts of the Hawarden Parish. [genuki.org.uk]

Our Bennett male ancestors were seafaring men, who loved the smell of the sea. They depended on their catch of fish and their knowledge of ships for their livelihood. A



*The cemetery in Connah's Quay has many beautiful Bennett graves like this one. Joseph Garratt Bennett was a grandson of Benjamin and Catherine Bennett through Edward Bennett. [Mabel]*

*St. Mark's Parish Church, Connah's Quay was consecrated in 1837. [Geoffrey Arnold]*







*Old photograph of Connab's Quay. Some of these children may be related to the Bennetts.  
[Mabel]*

good sailor learned to read the heavens and know the meaning of the clouds, and our grandfathers knew their lessons well.

Benjamin Bennett, the son of Benjamin Bennett Sr. and Elizabeth Millington was one of 10 children born to this couple. He was the seventh one to live.

Benjamin was a good lad and learned the trade of his

father. He met and fell in love with a young lady by the name of Catherine Jones from Northop. She was the daughter of John Jones and Elizabeth Barclay and had been christened in the parish Church at Northop and chose to be married in the same place. They were married on Benjamin's 21st birthday 31 December 1818. It was probably a happy New Year's Eve that night and the gathering

*Northop Parish Church where Catherine was christened and where she and Benjamin were married.[Mabel]*



place for many of the family members of both Jones and Bennetts.

Benjamin took his bride back to Connah's Quay so he could continue with his trade, a distance of a few miles. They would be living in Hawarden Parish and within this parish there were other villages where some of the best brick and tile were made and shipped to many countries of Europe; shipped from the Connah's Quay port.

Catherine was a lovely young girl, just past 23 years of age.

Benjamin and Catherine became the parents of six children, the first living child being born nearly four years after their marriage.

It is not hard to picture a young wife with her little children walking to the waters edge at the close of the day as they watch for that one special boat to dock. It is also easy to understand why young John and his brothers turned to the profession of fishermen and seamen. [Mabel]

THE PARISH OF NORTHOP

NORTHOP 235

FROM THE VICAR

THE VICARAGE  
NORTHOP

FLINTSHIRE

May 8th 1973

This is to certify that in the Marriage Register of Northop Parish Church it is recorded that on the 31st day of December 1818, Benjamin Bennett was married to Catherine Jones in the said Church, by the Rev. Hugh Jones, the Hon Vicar of the parish.

Rev. H. Williams.  
Vicar.

Marriage record of Benjamin and Catherine Bennett. They were married on Benjamin's 21st birthday, December 31, 1818. [Mabel]

Launching a ship on the River Dee. According to Jane Bennett Stephenson, a granddaughter of Catherine Jones Bennett, "The day I was one year old my father [John Bennett] launched a ship and my Grandmother Bennett christened the vessel by throwing a bottle of wine at the front of the ship and giving it the name. It was then untied and sailed off into the sea." [Mabel] This is the only account of Catherine launching a ship, although several tell of Jane Roberts Bennett launching a ship. Jane may have been mistaken.

This expert mariner [John Bennett] launched the "Royal Charter," second greatest ship known in the world at that time, from her stocks in the shipyard into the River Dee. Her first voyage was to be to American shores. Jane had christened the ship and broke a bottle of champagne or wine over it for luck, but luck however did not go with her and it was good that John wasn't assigned to take her out because she was lost at sea. [Mabel]  
Photo [Clwyd Records Office]



1841 Census for Township of Golftyn, Parish of Northop. Description: "All that Township of Golftyn west from Waterloo to John Jones [??] and East from the farm of [??] to Connab's Quay for the street of Pennylan.

NOTE: The same description as above on page 22 for the 1851 census is wrong. That description is of the 1841 census on this page.

The 1841 census is the first general census in Great Britain that named names and not just head count.

At the top of page 16 is the entry for Elizabeth Bennett, 75, the sole inhabitant of her household and of independent means. This is probably Benjamin Bennett's mother. In 1841 she was 77 years old.

Later on the same page is the family of Benjamin Bennett, 40, Pilot, his wife Catherine, 40 and their children John, 15, Benjamin, 14, Jonathan, 10, Catherine, 8, Edward, 5, and Elizabeth, 1.

Both Geoffrey Arnold in Wales and I at BYU found this 1841 census. I saw words like Waterloo and Pennylan and they didn't mean anything to me. Fortunately, Geoffrey knew those place names exactly.

City or Borough of County of Flint

Parish or Township of Golflyn

Enumeration Schedule.

16

PLACE	HOUSES		NAMES of each Person who abode therein the preceding Night.	AGE and SEX		PROFESSION, TRADE, EMPLOYMENT, or of INDEPENDENT MEANS.	Where Born	
	Uninhabited or Building	Inhabited		Males	Females		Whether Born in same County	Whether Born in Scotland, Ireland, or Foreign Parts
Township of Golflyn		1	Elizabeth Bennett	75		Sold		
		1	Benjamin Bennett	40		Pilot		
			Catherine d <sup>o</sup>		40			
			John d <sup>o</sup>	15				
			Benjamin d <sup>o</sup>	14				
			Jonathan d <sup>o</sup>	10				
			Catherine d <sup>o</sup>		8			
			Edward d <sup>o</sup>	5				
			Elizabeth d <sup>o</sup>		1			
TOTAL in Page 2		5		11	15			





*The children of  
Benjamin and  
Catherine Jones  
Bennett*



*Connah's Quay Church. John and Benjamin  
Bennett stand in the foreground. (Church was  
destroyed by fire.) [Mabel]*

*John Bennett, oldest son Jonathan and  
Edward, sons, Elizabeth Bennett Kenney,  
youngest daughter. Not shown: Benjamin and  
Catherine. [Mabel]*



1851 Census for Township of Golftyn. The family of Benjamin Bennett, 55, Pilot in Chester River. Notice they had two visitors that day. George Davies, a 27-year-old preacher, and Alice Hughes, 23 from Northop.

George Davies was born September 12, 1824 Dowlis, Glamorganshire, Wales and died in April 1872, St. Louis County, Missouri. He joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1851. He was baptized a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 8 September, 1867. [Infobases Family History Suite CD]

Later in the same census for the town of Wepre is the young family of John Bennett, 28, also a Pilot in the Chester River, with wife Jane, and children Elizabeth, Benjamin, Edward, and Catherine.

Parish or Township of		Ecclesiastical District of		City or Town	
Golftyn		St. Mark's		County	
No.	Name of Street, Place, or Road, and Name or No. of House	Name and Surname of each Person who abode in the house, on the Night of the 30th March, 1851	Relation to Head of Family	Condition	Age
54	Golftyn	Benjamin Bennett	Head	Mar	55
		Catherine cl <sup>d</sup>	Wife	Mar	
		Jonathan cl <sup>d</sup>	Son	Un	19
		Catherine cl <sup>d</sup>	Daughter	Un	
		Edward cl <sup>d</sup>	Son	Un	15
		Elizabeth cl <sup>d</sup>	Daughter	Un	
		George W. Davies	Visitor	Un	27
		Alice Hughes	Visitor	Un	
24	Wepre	John Bennett	Head	Mar	28
		Jane cl <sup>d</sup>	Wife	Mar	
		Elizabeth cl <sup>d</sup>	Daughter		
		Benjamin cl <sup>d</sup>	Son		5
		Edward cl <sup>d</sup>	Son		3
		Catherine cl <sup>d</sup>	Daughter		

Borough of		Town of	Village of	
Age of		Rank, Profession, or Occupation	Where Born	Whether Blind, or Deaf and Dumb
Males				
		Pilot in Chester River	Flintshire Northop	
55			cl <sup>d</sup> cl <sup>d</sup>	
		4/2 - Sailmaker	cl <sup>d</sup> cl <sup>d</sup>	
17			cl <sup>d</sup> cl <sup>d</sup>	
		Mariner	cl <sup>d</sup> cl <sup>d</sup>	
11		Schooler	cl <sup>d</sup> cl <sup>d</sup>	
		Teacher	Flintshire Northop	
23			Flintshire Northop	
8		Pilot in Chester River	Flintshire Hawarden	
26			cl <sup>d</sup> Hawarden	
6			cl <sup>d</sup> Northop	
			cl <sup>d</sup> cl <sup>d</sup>	
			cl <sup>d</sup> cl <sup>d</sup>	
1			cl <sup>d</sup> cl <sup>d</sup>	

Geoffrey Arnold in Connab's Quay, since the dedication of the monument, found in The Census of Religious Worship, 1851 for Flintshire, Holywell District, p.111, the following entry:

LATTER DAY SAINTS, CONNAB'S QUAY.

Present: afternoon 12; evening: 16.

Remarks: Please to observe. This is a dwelling house, and has not been held as a regular place of worship only during the last 4 months.

George W. Davies. Minister.

At Benjamin Bennett's Pilot, Connab's Quay.

We knew that John Bennett held Mormon church meetings at his home, but this is the first documentation we have that Benjamin and Catherine Bennett opened their home for Mormon gatherings.

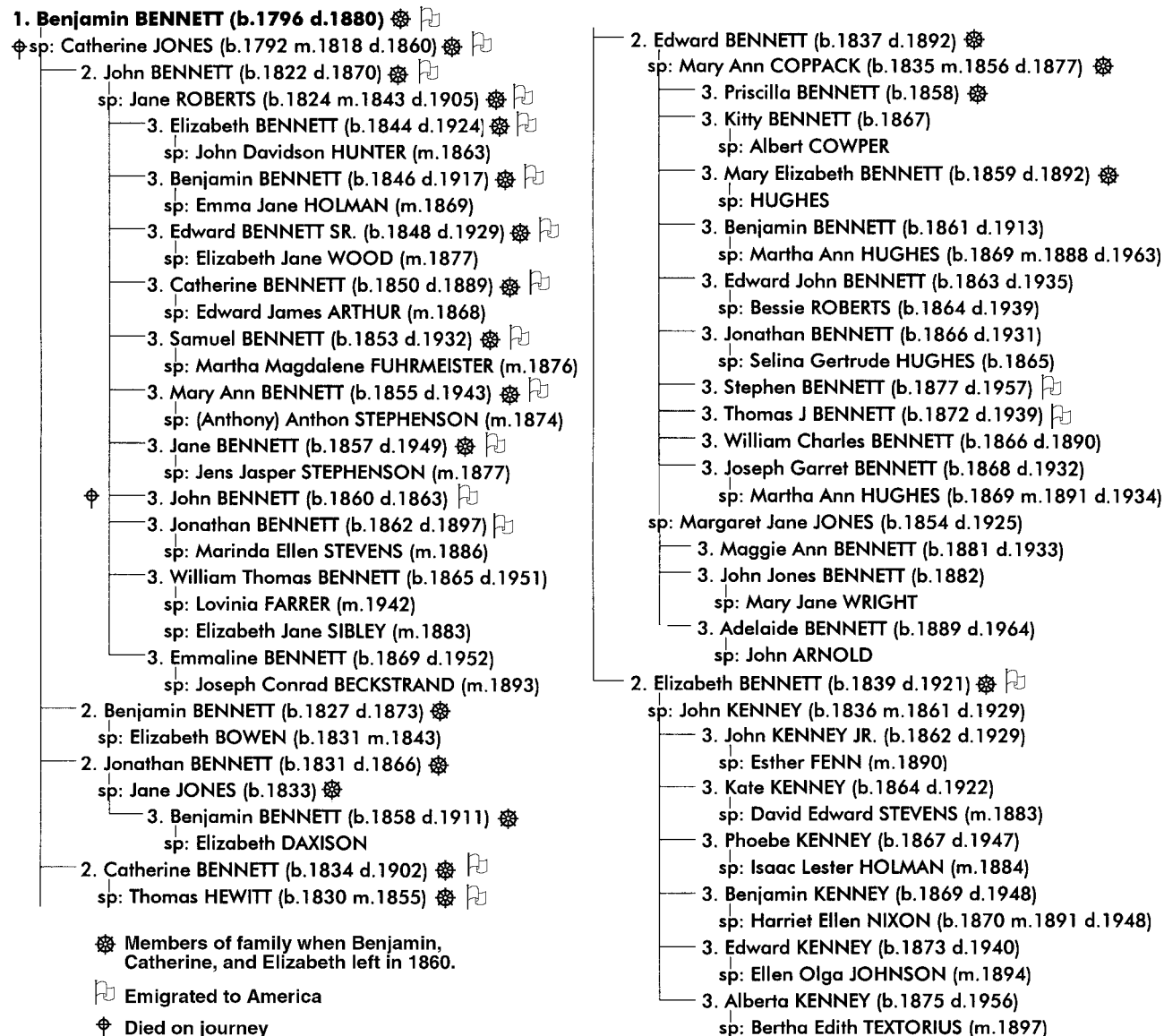
This information answers why Davies and Hughes were at the Bennett home at the time of the census count.

*The children and grandchildren of Benjamin and Catherine Jones Bennett, showing who was alive and could have been present at the time of the 1860 departure.*

*It also shows which ones later emigrated.*

*John Bennett was born just two weeks after the 1860 departure. He was the first to be reunited with Catherine Jones Bennett and they share the same distinction as having died on the journey from Wales to Utah. He died of measles on the ship over in 1863 and was buried at sea.*

*Opposite page:  
Missionary Companions—dreams come true.  
Photograph of daguerreotype of Brigham Young ca.1845, by Lucian Foster[LDS Church Archives], and photograph of daguerreotype of Heber C. Kimball, ca.1853, who would later become a counselor in Brigham Young's first presidency..[LDS Church Archives]*



## CHAPTER 2



John Jones, Catherine's father, had a vision or a dream once, where he saw some men coming to them with a book and bringing a new Gospel. He told his son-in-law, Benjamin about this and promised him that when the men did come, he and his family would join with them and would go to a new land and see a copper colored people.[Mabel] On the last day of October 1840, Brigham Young, and Heber C. Kimball took a short trip to Hawarden Wales. Brigham Young recorded the day he went to preach in Wales.

[October, 1840] 31 We went to Harden. November 1 (Sunday) We went and heard the Reverend Mr. Beckwell preach. In the afternoon Elder Kimball preached to a very attentive congregation, and I preached in the evening, congregation attentive [Manuscript History of Brigham Young, 1844]

They healed a young man with a fever and a woman with bad eyesight, but it was their preaching that created the most interest:

"They, say," Brigham reported to Mary Ann, "that Elder Kimball has such sharp eyes, that he can look wright through them, and Elder Young Preashes so that every Body that heres him must beleve he preaches so plane and powerful." [Brigham Young to Mary Ann Young, November 12, 1840. in that book about the Apostles in Great Britain]

*Home! thy joys are passing lovely;  
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!  
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!  
Can I—can I-say Farewell?*

### *John Jones' Dream: Embracing Mormonism*



John Jones must have been a part of that “attentive congregation” and at least part of the Bennett family for Jones recognized these men and told his family that these were the men he saw in his dream and this was the true church of our Lord Jesus Christ. [Mabel’s Book]

In December “Brother [John] Taylor had gone to Harden.” and on February 20, Brigham Young went again.

[February, 1841] 20 Went to Harden with Brother [James] Burnham. 21 (Sunday) I preached twice. 22 I preached in the evening. 23 I again preached in the evening. 24 Returned to Liverpool..

On March 17, Young “visited the Saints in Harden; he preached in the evening. Stayed all night with Brother Joseph Ellis. 20 Went to Overton, and on Sabbath, 21st, preached in the morning, and in the evening at Brother Price’s. Had a large congregation. 22 I preached; congregation attentive.

And on the 23rd, Brigham Young recorded “I walked fifteen miles to Chester, and from thence by rail to Liverpool.” [www.math.byu.edu/~smithw/Lds/LDS/Early-Saints/ young,b]

John Jones was then an old man and sick in bed but he insisted that they take him to be baptized at night, he was 80 years of age. Several members of the family were baptized at that time, 20 August 1841. They had faith in their leaders and were willing to do all they could for the new church and it became a great dream for the family to come to America. [Mabel]

## THE WELSH MISSION

The New Dispensation of the gospel had been introduced into Wales by Elders Henry Royle and Frederick Cooke as early as July, 1840.

They labored in Flintshire and as early as October of the same year reported the organization of a branch there of thirty-two members. In December of the same year Elder James Burnham reported about one hundred members in the vicinity of Wexham, Denbigh; and by February, 1840, the two branches numbered one hundred and fifty souls. [Report of Orson Pratt, church historian, 1880, Utah Pioneers, p. 26]

July 6, 1840, Elders Henry Royle and Frederic Cooke were appointed to Flintshire, Wales, and under date of October 30, 1840, a church of thirty-two members was established there. December 23, 1840, Elder James Burnham wrote from Wrexham, Wales, that in that region there were about one hundred Saints. And on February 10, 1841, two branches of the Church in Wales numbered one hundred and fifty souls. [Orson F. Whitney, History of Utah, Vol. 3, p.112]

The British Mission was opened in 1837 by Apostle Heber C. Kimball and six other missionaries, who commenced their labors in Preston, Lancashire, England. Other missionaries from America joined them and, as the work expanded, James Burnham crossed over into Wales, which led to the organization of the Overton Branch in Flintshire, Wales, with 32 members, in the fall of 1840 (the first branch raised up in Wales). Meantime, John Needham labored in South Wales and it is estimated that by the close of the year 1840 there were over one hun-



dred members of the Church in Wales, besides a few among the Welsh-speaking people in Monmouthshire, England. In 1842 William Henshaw and others continued missionary work in South Wales and the Pen-y-Darran Branch in Glamorganshire was organized March 25, 1843. Other branches in the vicinity were raised up soon afterwards, namely, Beaufort, Rumney, Tredagar, Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare, which were organized as the Merthyr Tydvil Conference at a general conference of the British Mission held in Liverpool, England, April 6, 1844. Merthyr Tydvil was the first conference organized in Wales.

On Jan. 4, 1845, Capt. Dan Jones arrived in England to fill a mission to which he had been appointed in Nauvoo, Ill., U. S. A., previous to the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in accordance with a prediction made to him by the Prophet himself on the night before the martyrdom. The success of Dan Jones was phenomenal and he is generally termed the "Father of the Welsh Mission." During the four years of his mission a large number of branches were raised up, which were divided into eleven conferences, [of which Flintshire was one] with a membership on Dec. 31, 1848, just prior to the return of Capt. Jones to America, of 3,603 souls. In 1846 Capt. Jones commenced the publication of a mission periodical in the Welsh language, named *Prophwyd y Jubili* (The Prophet of the Jubilee), the first publication in the interest of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints printed in a foreign language. He also published forty-five different pamphlets, containing from 8 to 100 pages each, the sale of which, at a small profit, sustained ten or twelve missionaries at a time in the field. Abel Evans succeeded Dan Jones

as editor of the mission periodical, the name of which, at the suggestion of Capt. Jones, was changed to *Udgorn Seion* (Zion's Trumpet), the publication of which continued for many years.

In 1852 the Book of Mormon in the Welsh language was published at Merthyr Tydvil by John Davis; the publication of the Doctrine and Covenants, in monthly parts, had already been commenced the previous year. An enlarged hymn book, containing 575 hymns in the Welsh language, was also published in 1852. In that year the membership of the Church in Wales was considerably over 5,000 souls. Several additional conferences were also organized.

A company of 250 Welsh saints emigrated to Utah with Capt. Dan Jones in 1849, and as the migration continued, many of the branches, depleted of members, were discontinued and their remaining membership added to nearby branches. The same condition prevailed in regard to the conferences until only three of the original 13 conferences remained, namely, Glamorgan, Pembrokeshire and North Wales. In 1873 these three conferences were amalgamated as the Welsh Conference, comprising the whole of Wales. [Andrew Jenson's Encyclopedia of Mormonism book, p. 937]

#### LIFE AS MORMONS CONNAH'S QUAY

Although they seemed to be one of the few families, if not the only, in Connah's Quay, there were enough members of the Church to have a Flintshire conference at one time, and the headquarters of the Church for Europe were nearby in Liverpool, so the Bennetts were probably not too far away from other Mormons. E. L. Sloan, an Irish convert, who presided over the Liverpool

Conference was in Connah's Quay when the John and Edward Bennett's fishing net was lost. When Benjamin, Catherine, and Elizabeth Bennett registered to emigrate, the ship's register gives their address as the home of E.L.Sloan.

Benjamin (grandson) returned to Wales on a mission, and wrote an article in the Millenial Star, part of it gives a glimpse to what life was like as a Mormon in Connah's Quay.

From my earliest recollection I was taught the principles of the Gospel. The associates of my youth were taught by their parents and tradition to attend some religious place of worship, and because I did not follow in the path they pursued, they looked upon me with disdain. My father took every precaution to have his family around him on the Sabbath day, and to keep us from attending any other place of worship. On the Sabbath he would devote the morning to reading aloud from the Bible, Doctrine and Covenants, Journal of Discourses, and the MILLENNIAL STAR, so that all in the house could hear him. In the afternoon he would hold a testimony meeting in his own family circle, partake of the Sacrament, and have his children

bear testimony to their knowledge of the truth. We were seldom visited by any one during the Sabbath. We were the only family in the village who believed in the divine mission of Joseph Smith the Prophet. I well remember noticing people of different religious sects passing during the Sabbath to and from their various places of worship, and oftentimes wondered why they were so divided in their faith. When reflecting upon this subject the words of our Savior, when upon the earth, would frequently come to my mind: "Except ye are one, ye are not mine."

This course of reading and holding meetings in my father's house (as he was President of the Branch,) was pursued by him up to the time he emigrated to the Valleys of Utah. [Millenial Star April 21, 1884, pp241-244]

According to Edward Bennett, "the members of the church in our family in 1860 were: my grandfather John Jones, my grandfather Benjamin Bennett, grandmother Catherine Jones, Father, Mother, father's sister Elizabeth Bennett, and my father's family.

*Minus the power lines and smoke stacks, the River Dee must have looked much the same on the night of August 20, 1841, when John Jones, an old and sick man, and several family members entered the waters of baptism.*

*[Photo: Geoffrey Arnold]*



Why 1860, almost twenty years after baptism? I don't know, but there was a great desire for the Saints to go to Utah and every year more people made the trip. During the year 1858, because of the Johnston's Army episode in Utah, no pioneer companies went to Utah. In 1859 organized companies started again and the Saints were strongly encouraged to emigrate. Catherine's father, John Jones, the one who had the dream, died in 1859. Part of his dream was that they would go to a new land after they received the new gospel. His death may have served to both allow Catherine to leave, and also serve as an impetus for the rest of the family to make Jones' dream a reality. George Q. Cannon, the former mission president in Liverpool had just returned to the states and was appointed emigration agent in charge of making arrangements for getting the new emigrants from New York to Salt Lake City. The British saints knew Cannon and it gave them comfort that he would be there when they arrived. In December 1859, an article in the Millenial Star strongly encouraged the saints to go to Utah:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859

EMIGRATION.—In former Numbers we have endeavoured to bring before the Saints the necessity of availing themselves as speedily as possible of the “present day of opportunities” to gather with the Saints in Zion. . . . The present calm will last but a short time; the present “day of opportunities” for the gathering of the Saints to Zion to the chambers of the Lord will be

short, and should be diligently improved by every one that desires to avoid the judgments that are pending over and about to be visited upon the inhabitants of the earth.

We call upon the Saints to arouse themselves to the importance of this subject, . . .

We desire to remind the Saints that the season for emigration is again approaching. It is time that those Saints who are intending to emigrate this coming season were sending up their names and deposit-moneys for the same. We desire to get the emigration off early in the spring. We expect a pretty large emigration, and it is necessary that all intending emigrants report themselves as early as possible, that we may be able to provide the necessary waggons, carts, teams, and other outfit on the frontiers, so that none need be detained on that account. The experience of past years proves the necessity of an early start across the Plains. The Saints will, therefore, please send up their names and deposits at once.

For the encouragement of the Saints, we will remark that from advices from President Young and others in the Valley, we learn that the demand for labour and service of all kinds, both male and female, far exceeds the supply. All who desire it may feel sure of immediate and constant employment at fair wages, comfortable situations, and good tomes in our peaceful gathering retreats. No one who has the means should hesitate a moment through fear of want of employment. Those who have not the means to go directly through, but can raise enough to take them into the States, and are not in situations to add to their means,

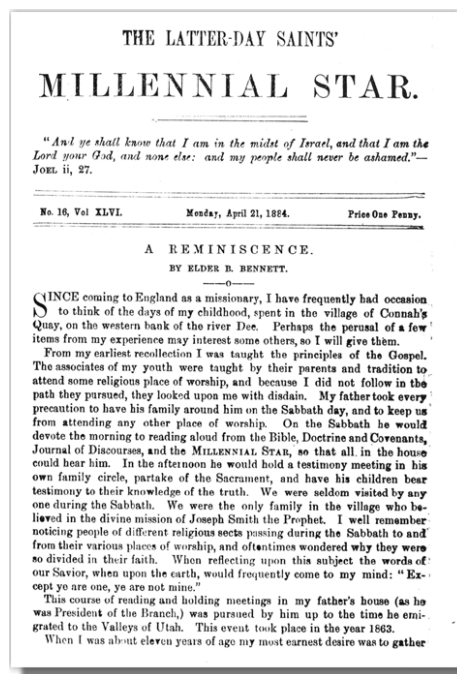
## CHAPTER 3

### *Leaving Connah's Quay: the Voyage*

*Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
Let the winds my canvass swell—  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell,  
Glad I bid thee,  
Native land!—FAREWELL—FAREWELL*



*The Bennetts may have taken the train from Queens Ferry to Chester, and then north to Liverpool. Since Benjamin was a pilot, they may also have gone by boat.*



*The Millenial Star was the periodical for the saints in England. This issue has an article by Benjamin Bennett (son of John and Jane Bennett) he wrote while on a mission in Wales.*

so that in a year or two they can accumulate sufficient to pay their way through to the Valley, are advised to go to the States, and as far west on the way as their means will take them. President Young, in writing upon this subject, says: "Advise with brother George Q. Cannon; and, as fast as consistent with circumstances, let the Saints emigrate to the States, and seek such temporary locations and employment as brother George may be able to counsel, each reaching in this direction as far as may be convenient from time to time, working their way to our home in the mountains."

And on the 17th of September he writes again

"As heretofore advised, it is still deemed wisdom for the Saints in Europe, and particularly those in the British Isles, to be making their way to the States as speedily as consistent; for, when this side of the Atlantic, they will be able to find employment, and work towards Utah as their way opens."

It is not wisdom, however, for any who are in good situations and steadily adding to and laying by means, with the prospect of soon securing enough to pay their way through to the Valley, to abandon those situations for the purpose of emigrating to the States.

In January 1860 another article in the Millenial Star gave further information, detailing costs, and again encouraging the saints to emigrate.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

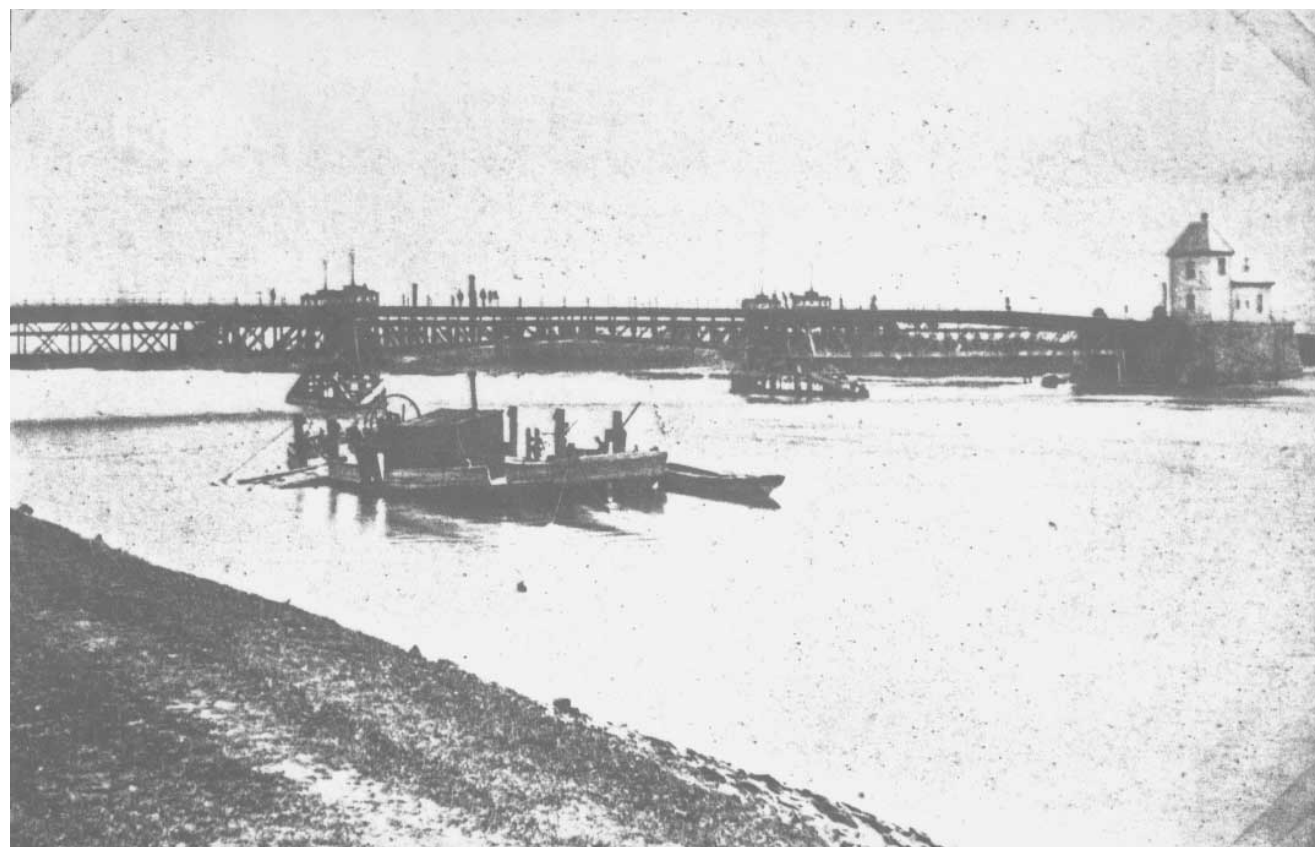
Again we wish to remind the Saints that the season of emigration: is close at hand, and they cannot be too soon in sending up their names and deposits. There is much to be done on the other side of the water to make all the neces-

sary arrangements for receiving and forwarding the Saints without unnecessary delay or extra expense. Brother George Q. Cannon, who has the charge and direction of the emigration from their landing in New York, and all the labor of the preparation to perform, must have the cattle, waggons, carts, tents, and provisions all purchased and delivered at Florence ready for a start when the emigration arrives. To accomplish this requires much time and labor; but yet he cannot commence until he receives the money and the orders. This, of course, we cannot furnish him until the Saints send up their names, orders, and deposits. A few days since, we addressed a letter to the Pastors, requesting them to urge upon the Saints the necessity of turning their immediate attention to this subject. In that circular we stated that we could not then fix upon a definite sum for teams, waggons, carts, and outfit, but that, for the present, they should send up the same amount as last year—namely, £60 for two yoke of oxen and waggon, and £3 for each person for handcarts, provisions, and other outfit. Since then, we have received advices from brother Cannon, enabling us to fix more definitely upon the sum required. Last year, we were unable to get any advices or positive and direct information from the States as to what would be the actual amount required for these purposes; and acting upon the supposition that it would require and could be accomplished for about the same amount that it required in former years, we required £60 for teams of two yoke of oxen, and one waggon, and necessary outfit for eight or ten persons; and £3 per head for handcarts. From late advices from brother Cannon, we find that those sums were insufficient to procure all the necessary outfit, the £60 being only about two or three pounds more than



enough to purchase the two yoke of oxen, waggon, and tents; and the handcart, outfit, tents, and provisions requiring £4 12s. per head, instead of £3 as deposited and forwarded. It also cost £2 18s. for railway fare for each adult from New York to Florence, and at the rate of 15s. per 100 lbs. for carriage of all extra luggage, 100 lbs. only to each adult going free. These amounts do not include the item of provisions while travelling to and remaining At Florence, all of which must be paid for by the Saints themselves, in addition to the several sums before mentioned.

In view of all these statements, then, we are compelled to require of the Saints a deposit of £4 instead of £3 each for handcart. They should also have £3 each adult for railway fare from New York to Florence, and at the rate of 15s. each for every 100 lbs. of extra luggage. In addition to the above, the provisions from the time of landing in New York to starting from the frontiers must in all cases be provided by the emigrants themselves. The amount of provisions served out on shipboard, however, is in most cases much more than is consumed; and if the Saints will provide



*The Bennetts probably took the train from Queensferry to Liverpool. [Photo: Corel]*

*Queensferry—two miles from the Bennetts' house—where the train to Liverpool departed. [Geoffrey Arnold]*

LDS ship's roster for the *William Tapscott*, showing Benjamin, Catherine, and Elizabeth Bennett, and also showing another Bennett family who would share the same covered wagon as they crossed the plains. It is probable that this Joseph Bennett was the nephew of Benjamin Bennett, son of his brother Jonathan.

Jonathan Bennett, Benjamin's brother, was born on July 11, 1800 in Hawarden, and was baptized on August 4, 1840. He attended the Birkenhead, Liverpool Conference. He was cut off from the church. [Black, Susan Eaton, Membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: 1830-1848. LDS Family History Suite CD by Infobases.]

Joseph Bennett was born September 2, 1825 in Hawarden, and was baptized in 1857 in Birkenhead and attended the Birkenhead, Liverpool Conference. He was baptized a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 22 October 1872 at Liverpool, Lancashire, England. [Black, Susan Eaton, Early Member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Infobases CD.]

Mary Bennett was born March 23, 1825 in Cheshire, England, and was baptized on August 25, 1848 in Liverpool. [Infobases CD]

We don't have records for Jonathan's family, but he would have been 25 when this Joseph Bennett was born. The Joseph Bennett on the roster was 35 in 1860, so he was born in 1825, which matches the above information.

Ship <i>Wm Tapscott</i> of 1750 Tons Register, <i>J. B. Bell</i>								
Folio in Application Book	Name	Age	Profession or Occupation	Address	Country	No. of Notification	Acknowledgement of Notification	
22	Joseph Bennett	35	Engineer	3 Whitfield Place	E	1 April 25		
	Mary	do 35	Wife	Clarendon Road	"			
	Ellary	do 11		Birkenhead	"			
	Joseph G.	do 9			"			
	Elizabeth	do 4			"			
	Emma	do Infant			"			
30	Benjamin Bennett	59	Pilot	C. L. Llanur	"	3 April 25		
	Catherine	do 59	Wife	Liverpool	"			
	Elizabeth	do 20	Quinster	do do	"			

themselves with small sacks, be prudent and saving. And waste a have a surplus loft from their daily rations of nearly or quite enough to last them to and while they are encamped at Florence.

It is to be hoped that, by taking the business in hand at once, the outfit on the frontiers may be furnished a little cheaper than last year; but this cannot be done unless the Saints at once send up their names and deposits, that we may make the necessary orders for them.

In conclusion, we wish every one who can raise enough to

go by handcart not to remain another season with the view of going out some other time with a waggon, but, trusting in the Lord for strength according to their day, to fortify their souls, gird up their loins, and set their faces Zionward, with a determination not to slacken their efforts till they reach the home of the Saints.

Whatever the final reason for leaving, the LDS church's ship's register for the *William Tapscott*, noted that Benjamin, Catherine and Elizabeth Bennett were

764

Master, for *New York, Asabalkind* *Amos P. Pratt, Agent.*

2nd Cabin.	Deposit.	Balance.	Total	Description of Emigrant:	Advanced to P. E. Fund Emigrants.	No. of P. E. F. Bond, as per Register.	Remarks
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.		
1	34 19 2		21 0 0	1 Team			
1	21 0 0						
1	13 19 2			Returned May 7, 1860			
1				do			
1				Joseph Bennett			
1				do			
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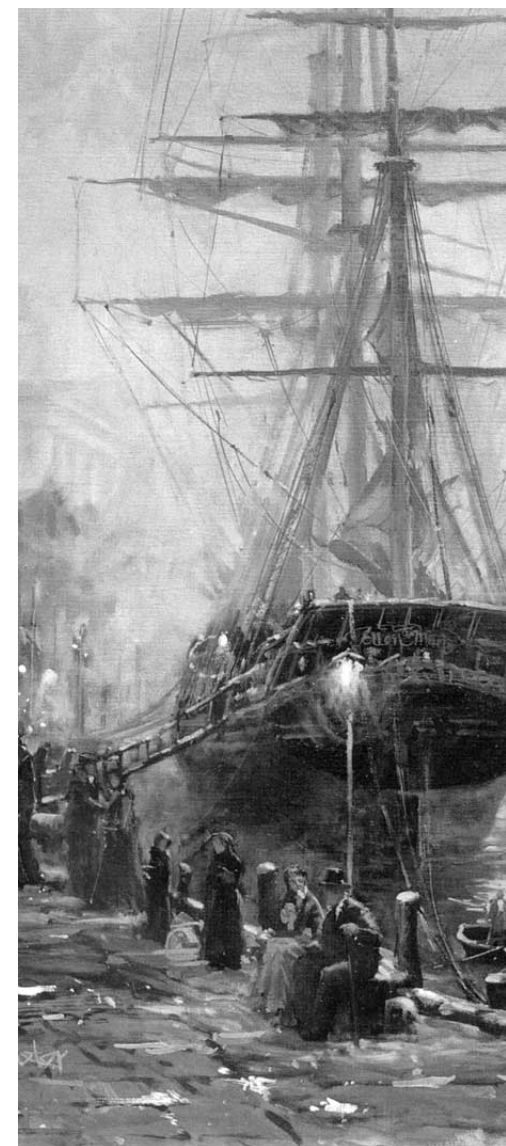
notified on April 23rd that they had a reservation on the ship and had paid money to go to Utah by team, and not by handcart. They were notification number 3. As previously mentioned, it states their address as E.L. Sloan in Liverpool. Had they already sold their house and moved?

Anyhow, "Benjamin and Catherine and Elizabeth their youngest child packed their belongings lovingly as they sorted through each item, taking only so much poundage that was to be shipped with them to the new world. We can imagine the scene as they said their good-

bye to family and friends. Many they knew they would never see again, but it was decided that other family members would follow later as they earned the money necessary for the trip. Benjamin and Catherine would establish a home among the Saints and be ready to welcome others when they arrived." [Mabel]

We can get a glimpse of what the farewell may have been like from the description of the departure of the John Bennett family three years later by Benjamin Bennett:

The day being set several weeks beforehand when we

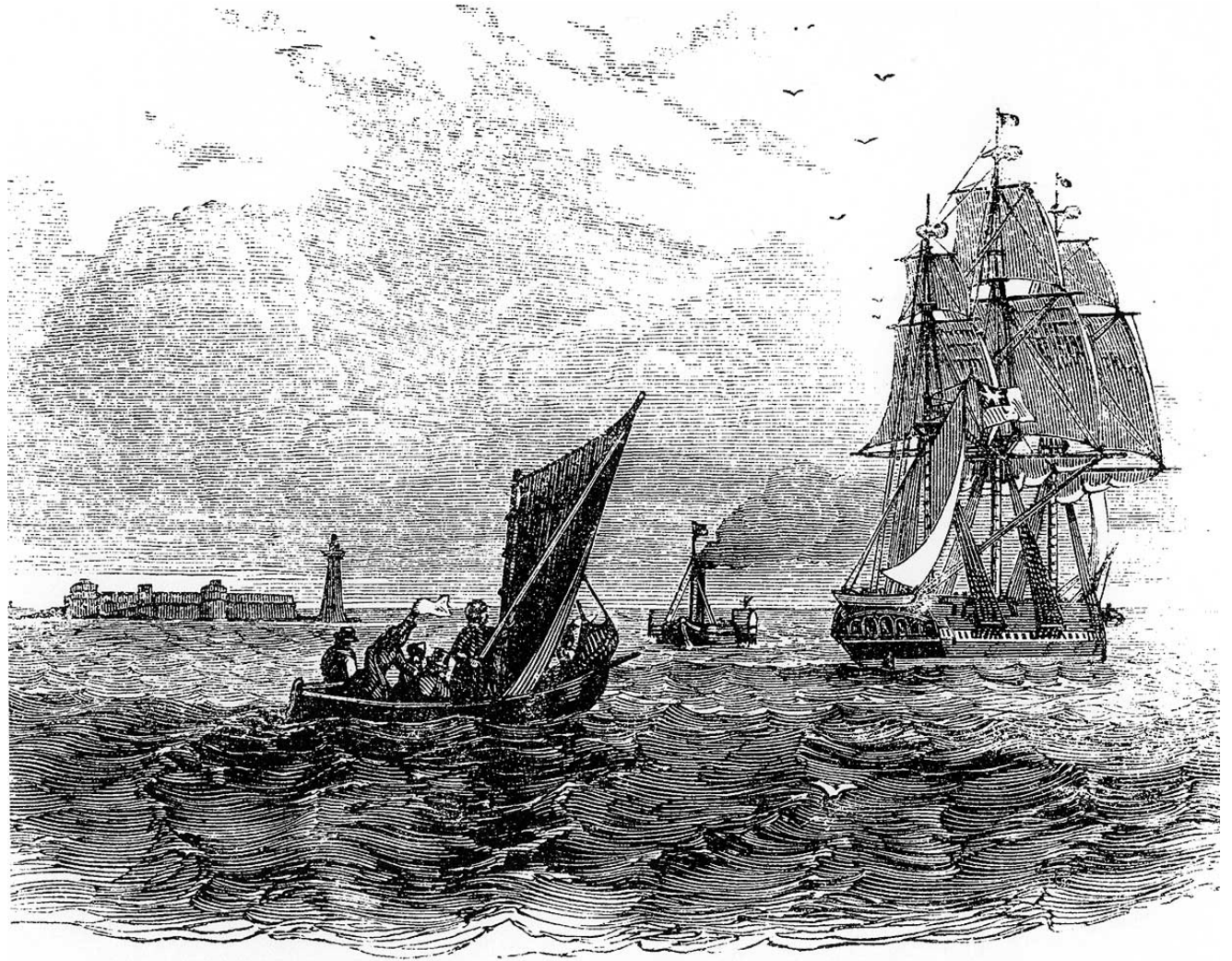


*Detail from The Saints Embark from Liverpool, England, by Ken Baxter [Museum of Church History and Art]*



*Emigrant ship leaving Liverpool, sketch by Frederick Piercy, 1853. "In February Piercy left England for Utah with 313 other Latter-day Saint. As the shore disappeared the English and Welch emigrants sang "Yes, My Native Land, I Love Thee." Piercy was a 23-year-old convert and accomplished engraver and decided to publish an illustrated travel book to encourage European Saints to gather to Zion." [Their Faces Toward Zion, Holzappel, Richard Meitzel, Bookcraft, 1996]*

Route from Liverpool to the Great Salt Lake Valley was, no doubt, seen by the Bennetts and may have helped to encourage their own emigration. [Image: Lee Library, BYU]



should leave our home for Liverpool, we governed ourselves accordingly. My father deemed it wise to keep it from his friends and relatives that we were going to America, until a few days from the time he was ready to start. The dispos-

ing of the household furniture created some bad feeling among relatives and friends, as Dearly every one in the village wanted something as a token of friendship from the family. Scarcely anything was realized from the articles dis-



posed of; they were almost given away. There was quite a clamoring for the boat and nets, the idea being prevalent that they would catch fish anywhere if they were only in the water. My father was not disposed to put them up for sale; he preferred to let the poor fishermen have them for a small trifle, just enough to have it said they were bought or sold. Both the nets and boat were kept as long as they would hang together.

Arrangements were made for my uncle and a friend of my father's to take the luggage to Liverpool in a pilot boat to save expense, they offering their services free of charge, my brother and I to accompany them; father, mother and the rest of the family to take train the day following by way of Chester. The day we left Connah's Quay our neighbors and

friends to the number of at least 300 assembled on the beach to witness our departure, most of whom shed tears and watched us as long as the boat could be seen. I remember quite well the time, and that I never shed a tear, for I knew that we were doing the will of the Lord. On the following day, when my father and family left, the whole village, almost to the last man, followed them to Queen's Ferry, a distance of two miles, to take a final leave of them, and many followed them to Liverpool. [Millennial Star, April 21, 1884, pp 241-244]

To many emigrants the crowded life on a ship for weeks on end was a shock.

Even under British law, which allowed three adult passen-



*On June 4, 1863, four days after John Bennett and family departed from Liverpool, Charles Dickens visited the ship Amazon in London and recounted his experience with a departing Mormon emigrant company in the Uncommercial Traveller. His summary states: "What is in store for the poor people on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, what happy delusions they are labouring under now, on what miserable blindness their eyes may be opened then, I do not pretend to say. But I went on board their ship to bear testimony against them if they deserved it, as I fully believed they would; to my great astonishment, they did not deserve it; and my predispositions and tendencies must not affect me as an honest witness, I went over the Amazon's side, feeling it impossible to deny that, so far, some remarkable influence had produced a remarkable result, which better-known influences have often missed."* [http://www.vii.com/~nelsonb/dickens.htm]

*Liverpool, 1800s.  
[Liverpool Maritime Museum]*



*Full-scale model of bunks on ship at Museum of Church History and Architecture, Salt Lake City. Each bunk was 18" wide with a board separating it from the next one. There were rules passed in America and in England regulating minimum requirements for passenger ships.*

gers for each five tons of registered tonnage, that provision was not a generous space allocation. A 1,000-ton vessel, for example, could carry 600 adults, a goodly number in confined quarters. Overcrowding also created sanitation problems, such as inadequate toilet and bathing facilities. For this reason emigrants preferred American ships that had two heads, or water closets, on each side of the deck. Even then these enclosures could smell like cesspools. [Donald Q. Cannon; BYU Studies Vol. 27, No. 1, pg.103]

#### ARRIVING ON SHIP:

When we arrived we boarded the William Tapscott. It was an interesting sight to see the Saints boarding the ship with all kinds of tin utensils tied in bunches and some were carrying their straw mattresses on their heads, while others were loaded down with all kinds of parcels and lunch baskets. Some had old pieces of furniture, such as a tea-caddy or teapot or some old picture of great-grandparents. [Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 13, p.269]

#### THE WILLIAM TAPSCOTT

Ship: 1525 tons: 195' x 41' x 21' Built: 1852 by William Drummond at Bath, Maine

In three voyages the square-rigger William Tapscott transported 2262 Mormon emigrants-the greatest number of any sailing craft. Captain James B. Bell was master during these passages.

11 May 1860 the William Tapscott sailed from Liverpool with 730 Saints from Britain, Scandinavia, and Switzerland on board. Elder Asa Calkin presided over the company. His counselors were Elders William Budge and Carl Widerborg. The voyage was stormy and unpleasant, and adding to the

distress smallpox broke out among the Scandinavian Saints. During the thirty-five-day passage there were ten deaths, four births, and nine marriages. When the vessel arrived at the quarantine point in the New York harbor on 15 June, physicians came aboard and vaccinated most of the passengers and crew. It was not until 20 June that the emigrants were permitted ashore.

The William Tapscott was one of the largest full-rigged ships built in Maine during the 1850s. She was a typical "Down Easter"-sturdy, moneymaking, moderately sparred, and designed for carrying capacity.

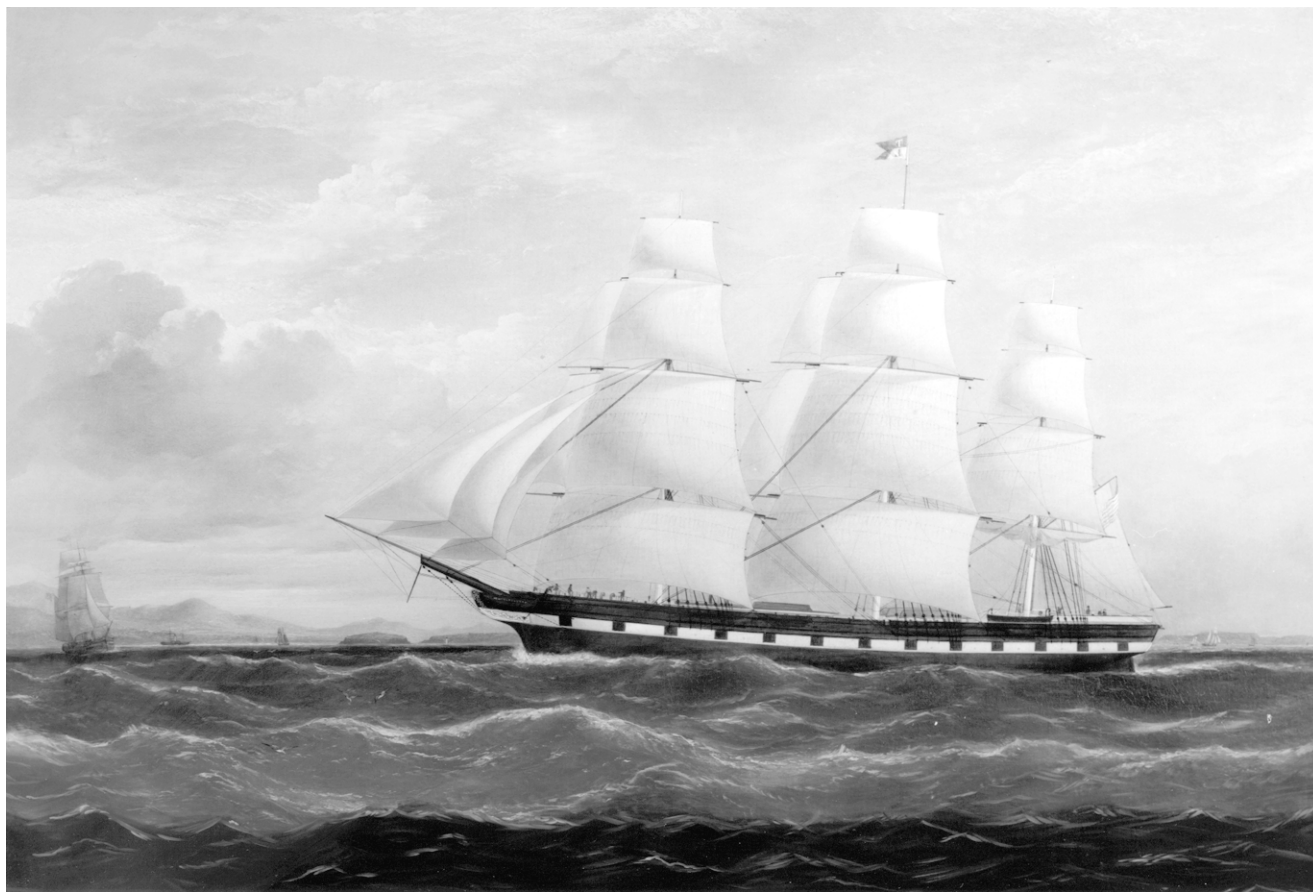
She was a three-decker with a square stem and billet-head. Among her owners, including her namesake, were such well-known mariners as William Drummond, Gilbert C. Trufant, and George B. Cornish. She hailed from New York. After plying the oceans for about forty years the William Tapscott was lost in the English Channel in the early 1890s.

Monday, May 7th, they boarded the "William Tapscott" a freight ship, which the previous year had brought a large company of emigrating Saints across the Atlantic. Besides the Scandinavian Saints, 85 Swiss and a large company of Welsh and English Saints went on board the same ship bound for America.

Among the English were Elders Asa Calkin, who had presided over the European Mission, and Thomas Williams, both accompanied by their families. When all were on board, the emigrating Saints numbered 730 souls. Asa Calkin was appointed president of the company, with Elders William Budge and Carl Widerborg as counselors. The company was divided into nine districts, each with a district president.

The *William Tapscott* sailed from Liverpool, May 11, 1860. It was a fine ship and a splendid sailer, but, owing to contrary winds, the voyage consumed 35 days. Union and good order prevailed during the whole voyage. Prayer was held every morning and evening, and on Sundays religious services were held on the deck. Owing to cold and a change of diet, considerable sickness prevailed among the emigrants, and ten deaths occurred, most of them among the Scandinavian Saints. Four children were born on board

and nine couples married, among whom were Hans Christian Heiselt and Larsine Larsen from the Vendsyssel Conference, Denmark. On the 3rd of June, the smallpox showed itself among the emigrants, seven cases of this disease were reported, none of which, however, proved fatal. On Friday evening, June 15th, the ship arrived at the quarantine dock in New York harbor. The next day two doctors came on board and vaccinated, with but very few exceptions, all of the steerage passengers, a part of the cabin pas-



*Painting of the ship William Tapscott*  
[Mariners Museum, Newport News, Virginia]

sengers, and the ship's crew. This was done to prevent a further outbreak of the disease, though all the sick had nearly recovered by this time. On the 20th, after being detained in quarantine five or six days, the passengers were landed at Castle Garden, New York. The smallpox cases had previously been taken ashore and placed in a hospital.

#### ACCOUNTS OF THE VOYAGE

The weather must have made a lot of difference on the journey, because the journals on the same ship just one year earlier record a much different experience than the 1860 group had:

...[W]hen the anchor was weighed at 4 a.m., and every heart rejoiced in bidding adieu to Babylon and setting forth to the land of Zion. The joyous songs o Zion ("Babylon, Oh Babylon, We Bid Thee Farewell") echoed through the ship; and as we got into the channel, the chorus followed, of course, in a good sea-sick style, in which nearly all joined to their heart's content. . . . The voyage throughout was by far the most pleasant and agreeable that I have ever realized, during the whole of the five times I have crossed these waters. . . . The monotony of the voyage was also enlivened with singing, instrumental music, dancing, games, &c. R.F. Neslen [www.mormontrail.com/trace/journey.htm]

No journals from the 1860 voyage mention such enjoyment. Ence Gott was from Switzerland. Here is his account of the journey across the ocean on the same trip as the Bennetts. He wrote about the conditions aboard the *William Tapscott*. You can almost detect a German accent in his writing:



*Early photograph of a three-masted ship.  
Library of Congress.*

We remained in Liverpool a few days to buy a few things on our journey on the ship, we went on a Sailing Vesel Name of William in the neighborhood of seven hundred Morman Emigrants from England, Switzerland, Denmark, Scotland, Besides 300 others not Morman mostly Irish, were and Board, As far as I remember we were 50 days on the ocean, We incountered mainly Storms. Our Board was rather poor and the water very bad in the latter end of being on the vesel, the water got to stink very much. I had to do some cooking for about 8 persons. I was most of the time sick; by standing before the hot stove stirring the Rice which however got burned, The Kitchen was always crowded by the folks, and every thing was uncomfortably fixed. I ate very little on board a ship, our main food was Salty Pork, Rice and some Potatoes, no bread but some hard crackers without salt. I did nearly starve and was very sick.

One morning when we heard we were close to Land every ones heart was gladdend with joy to behold the blessed Land, Houses and Trees again, I myself was very glad. I always said "Let me take my chances on the land." When we got to New York In the Castle Gardens or bagage was all examined, on some things duty had to be paid on it. A few persons got the smallpox on the Vessell which cause us a little trouble for us to get landed. I enjoyed a good meal victuals in New York as I did not enjoy one good meal all the across the sea. [journal at LDS Historical Department Archives]

#### A LETTER FROM ON BOARD THE *WILLIAM TAPSCOTT*

Thomas Williams wrote a letter to President N.V. Jones while on board the *William Tapscott* which was printed





*Arriving in New York City. Currier and Ives print.[Currier and Ives]*

in the *Millennial Star* on July 21, 1860. The second part of the letter was written after they arrived in New York.

#### CORRESPONDENCE

America, New York

Ship *William Tapscott*

June 11, 1860

Dear Brother Jones, Through the tender mercies of our Heavenly Father, I am once more privileged to communicate with you. We experienced a pretty favourable time clear of the Channel, considering the winds we had to contend with. We have, however, had but poor winds the whole of the voyage to aid us in making a fair passage. It has been raining nearly every day since we left Liverpool; consequently, the Saints have not enjoyed the trip across the Atlantic so much as they would, if it had been finer weather. We have been at sea thirty days, and are now

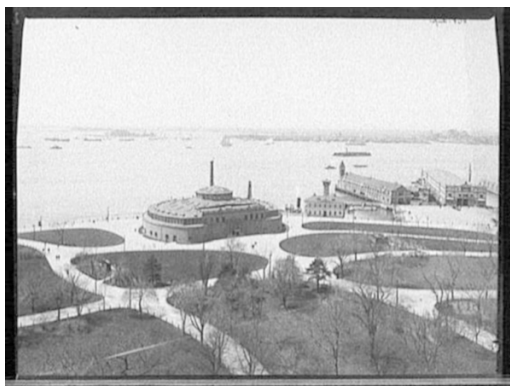
about 250 miles off New York. We have had the winds right ahead the last two days, and have made but little progress. We hope, however, if all goes well, to arrive at New York on Thursday next.

Since our departure from Liverpool, there have been four births, five marriages, and ten deaths on board. The deaths have all occurred among the Scandinavian emigrants, with one exception namely brother Keller's child, from Switzerland.

The smallpox made its appearance among the Scandinavian Saints on Sunday, the 3rd of June. There have been nine cases up to the present time. I sincerely trust it will not spread further among the company. I feel satisfied that the Lord has heard and answered the prayers of his people, and that the disease has been checked to a wonderful extent. Those who took the disease are now doing well, and will in



*Inside Castle Gardens where immigrants were  
processed on their arrival in America.  
[Peabody Museum]*



*Photograph of Castle Gardens at the southern  
tip of Manhattan Island [Library of Congress].*



the course of a day or so be entirely out of danger.

I presume we shall be detained at New York a day or so; I hope no longer, as our time is precious.

The saints, as a general thing, have enjoyed good health, with the exception of a little inconvenience from sea sickness, and have manifested a desire to keep the commandments of God.

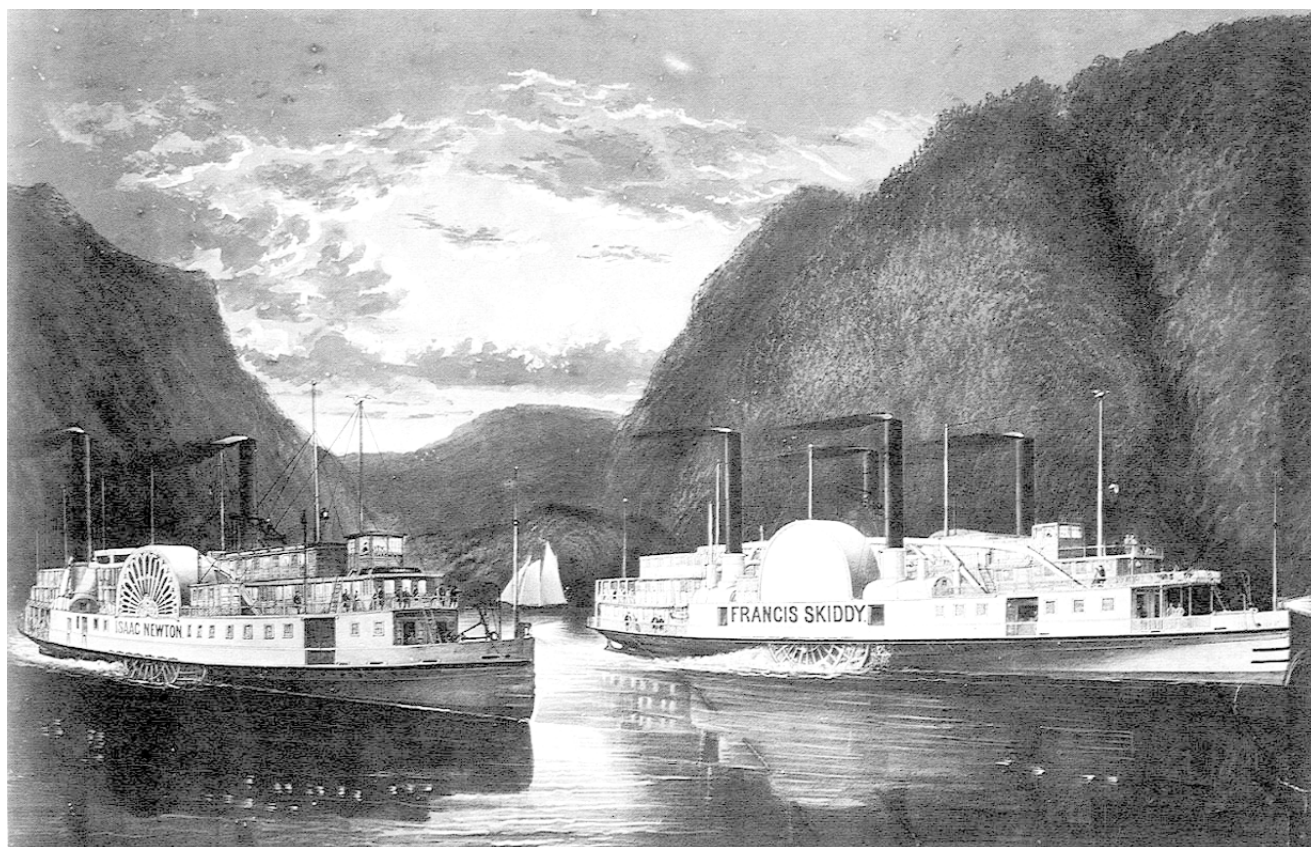
June 20th. We arrived safely at quarantine on the evening of Friday, the 15th inst. The quarantine doctor came off and

informed Captain Bell that, in consequence of the disease being on board, all the passengers would have to be vaccinated, although all the patients were about recovered. On Saturday, the 16th, two doctors came off and vaccinated (with but few exceptions,) the whole of the steerage and a portion of the cabin passengers, also the ship's crew. The passengers were all landed with their baggage at Castle Gardens today, and will proceed on their journey West tomorrow evening. The brethren here—namely brothers

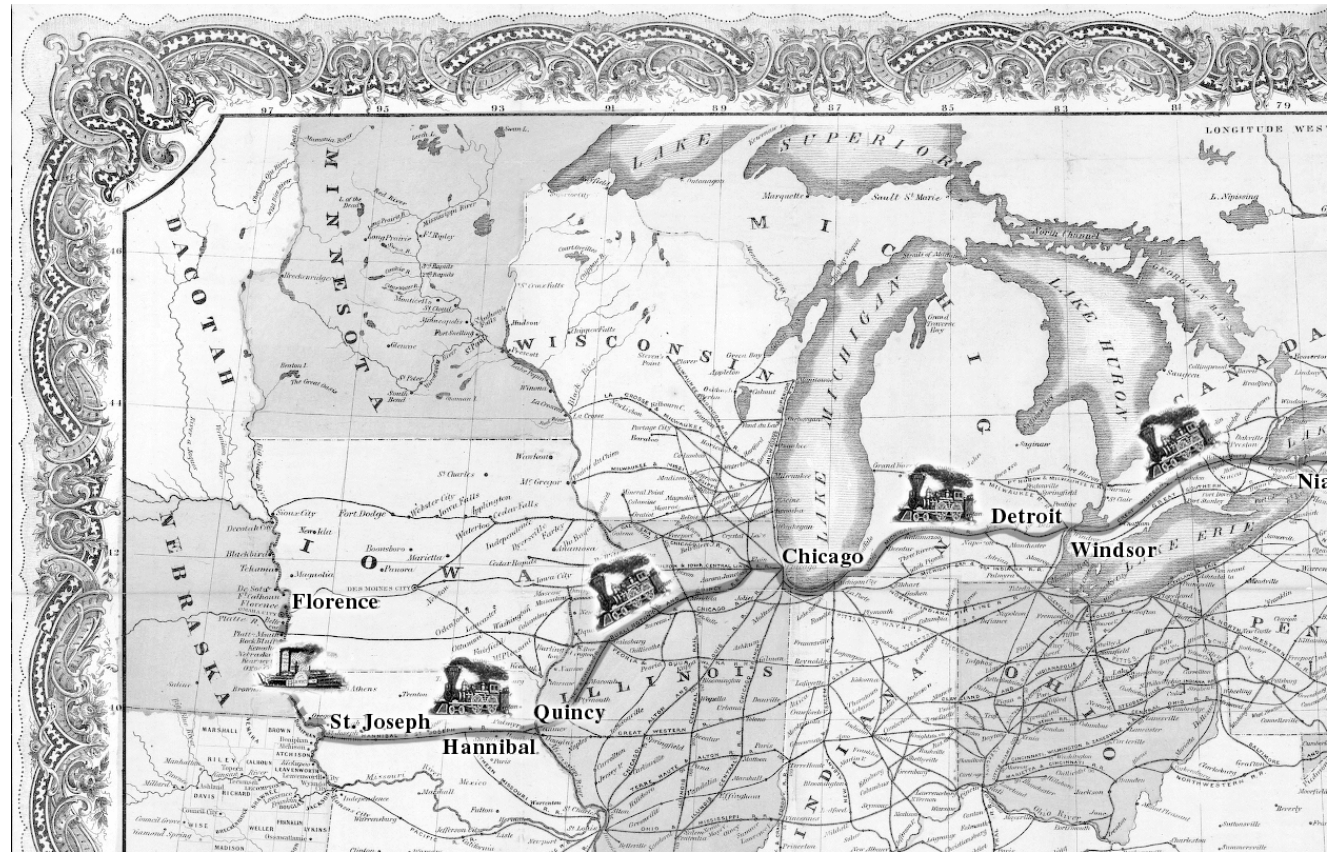
## CHAPTER 4

*Far away, ye billows, bear me.,  
Lovely, native land farewell!!*

### *From New York to Florence by Rail and Steamboat*



*The Bennetts and their group sailed up the Hudson River to Albany on the steamboat Isaac Newton, on the left. [Currier and Ives print.]*



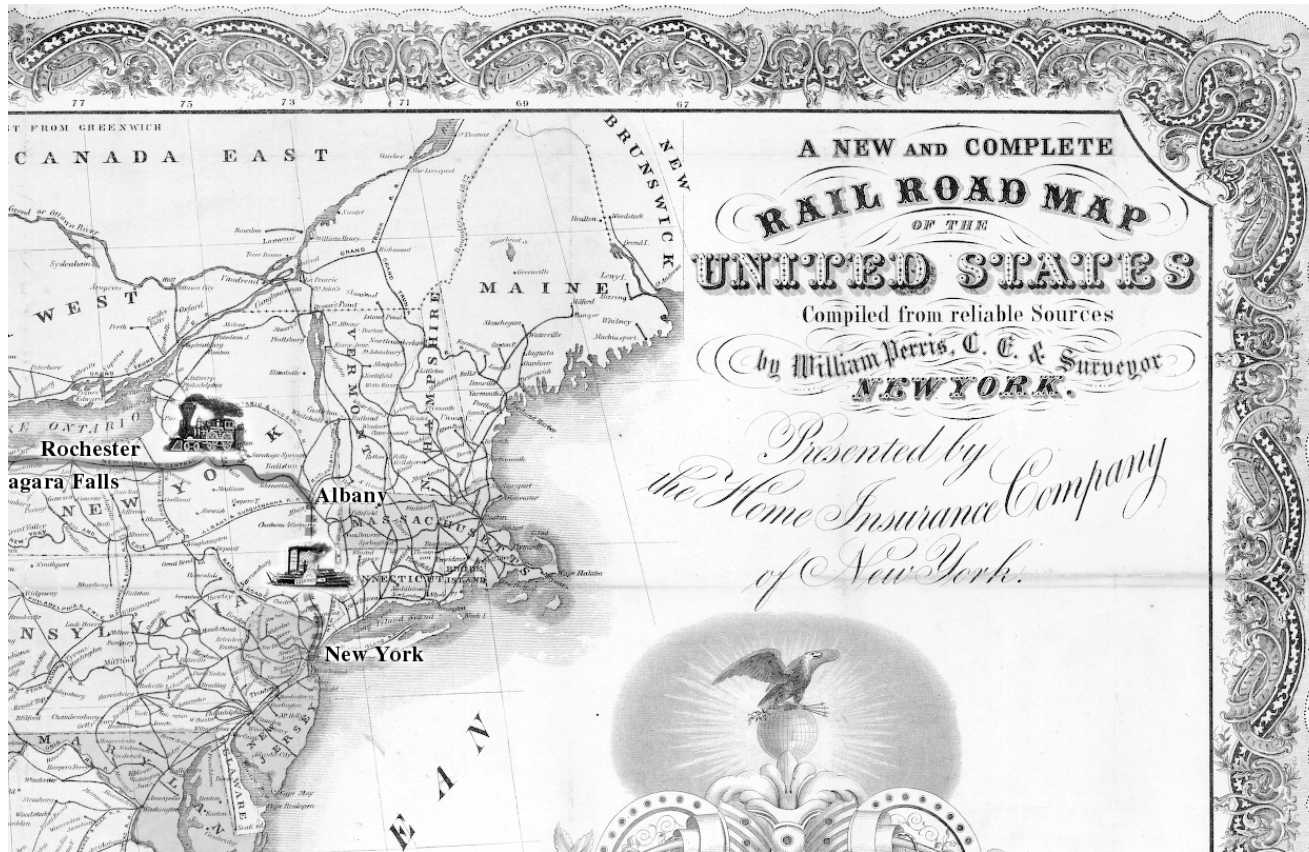
Croxhall, Miles, Taylor, and Stones, have been exceedingly kind and attentive in making arrangements for this company, and the people feel to bless them for their solicitude for their welfare. I learn from brothers Croxhall and Miles that brother Cannon is still at Florence, and will receive us there. This, I can assure you, is gratifying to the Elders and Saints generally.

Captain Bell has also been very kind and liberal to the people, and has done all in his power to further their inter-

ests. He will call at the Offices on his return to Liverpool, and I should much like you to make a further acquaintance with him.

I am thankful that the Lord has blessed me and my family with good health, and feel that his mercies will still be extended towards us. Sister W. joins me in affectionate remembrance to you and brothers Gates, Andrus, and Blackburn, —also to all of my old associates in the Office, the good folks in Liverpool, and the Saints generally. The





*158 Railroad map of the United States, showing the route the Bennetts and their group took to Florence. This was only the second year that Mormon pioneers took the northern route. It helped them avoid the sicknesses other pioneers contracted in the South. [Library of Congress]*

Lord bless and prosper you!  
Your friend and brother, Thomas Williams.

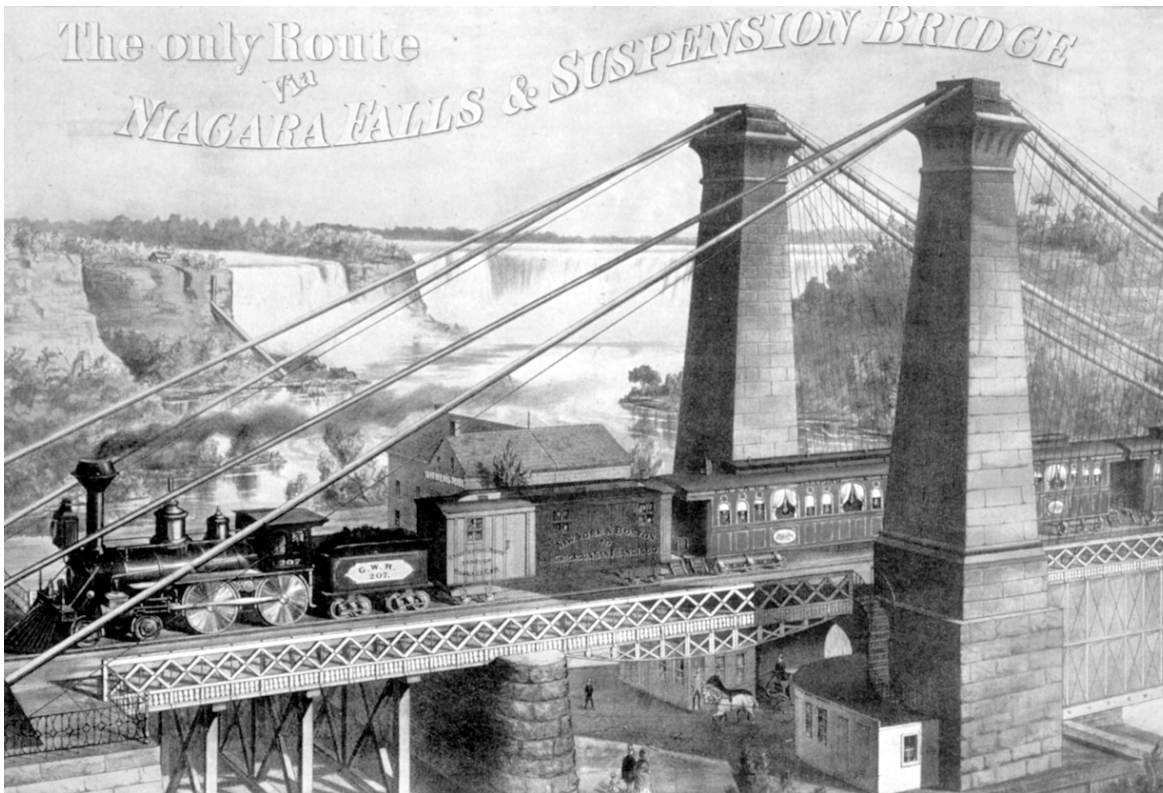
The trip from New York to Florence was a route that until the year before, no other group of Mormons had taken.

On the 21st the emigrants left New York per steamboat "Isaac Newton" and sailed up the Hudson River to Albany, where they arrived on the 22nd. From Albany the journey

was continued via Rochester to Niagara Falls, where the train stopped about seven hours in order to give the emigrants the pleasure of seeing the great waterfall and the grand suspension bridge. The journey was continued through Canada along the north shore of Lake Erie to Windsor, where the river was crossed to Detroit in Michigan. Thence to Chicago, which city was reached June 25th. From Chicago, the emigrants traveled by railroad to Quincy, Ill., whence they crossed the Mississippi River to

Hannibal in Missouri, and thence traveled by railroad to St. Joseph, Mo. Here 13 persons were placed in a hospital, but upon close examination they were found to be well enough to join the company the following day on the trip up the Missouri River, to Florence, Neb., where the company arrived in the night between June 30th and July 1st. Elder George Q. Cannon, who this year acted as Church emigration agent, made splendid arrangements for the journey across the Plains. It was deemed wisdom to send the emigrants as far as possible by steam and avoid the toil-

*The Bennetts and their companions were allowed to visit the grandeur of Niagara Falls and the man-made wonder of the suspension bridge. [New York Historical Society]*



some and harassing part of the team journey from Iowa City to Florence, a distance of nearly 300 miles, which in former years had required from 15 to 20 days travel. It had been learned by experience that the distance between Iowa City and Florence, at the season of the year when the emigrants had to travel it, was, in point of toil and hardship, by far the worst part of the journey, owing to its being a low, wet country, which in the opening of the year was subject to heavy and continued rains. These storms, owing to the nature of the soil (being clay most of the distance), rendered the roads almost impassable. Arriving at Florence, the emigrants found shelter in a number of empty houses while they made the necessary preparations for crossing the Plains.

Henry Reiser from Switzerland wrote about landing in New York:

On the 14th of June the pilot came on board and we received the news with great rejoicing, for we were told that now we were not very far from the coast. On the 15th a small boat came to tug ours to Staten Island. On June the 16th the doctor came on board and all the passengers had to go through a physical examination. As there were some cases of small pox, it was decided that we all would have to be vaccinated. This was done and on the same day those who had the small pox were taken to the hospital in New York, among them were 6 Scandinavians and a Swiss. On the 17th the little boy of Brother Christian Staufer from Berne died; on the 18th my little boy, Henri, 16 months, passed away and on the 19th the little boy of Johann Keller died. All three were buried on Staten Island. We felt very bad over losing the boy, but willing to recognize the hand of the Lord in it ... [Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 12, p.477]

Charles F. Jones became the captain of the group that the Bennetts were in as they crossed the plains. At the arrival to New York, Charles Jones had a daughter, Amy, who got very sick. He wrote:

While on the Steamer Isaac Newton, at 3 a.m. of the morning of the 22 of June my child Amy Elizabeth died on board the above named boat. And in consequence of arrangements having been made with the railway company to start the saints by train at 12 a m of this day I [had the painful agony] of leaving my child in the hands of an undertaker in Albany and the President of the New York Branch Brother Crocksal very much to the grief of myself and dear wife. [Charles F. Jones Journal Private Journal Vol 3 MS 1679]

Henry Reiser described the trip from New York to Florence:

On the 21st we went to Albany where we arrived in the morning of the 22nd. From there we took the train for the Niagara Falls. These are wonderful to look on. Then we went to Jefferson. There we had to cross a river which took us about five minutes. After that we had to take the train to go to Quincy. There again we had to take the steamboat. Smallpox increased rapidly and four of the swiss saints were sick.

We arrived at Brookfield where we stopped for half an hour; as we were Mormans we couldn't get anything to eat. While in the train, sister Keller gave birth to a child. On the 28th we arrived at St. Joseph, where we remained one day. On account of the smallpox we had to leave here family Keller, Sister Theurer and sister Staufer, the captain of the boat not being willing to take them along.

In the morning of July 1st, at 3 o'clock, we reached

Florence. Brother Heinrich Fischer from Zuerich died on the way and was buried in Florence. In Florence houses were assigned to us, so that we didn't have to wait long for a living place.

Writing about visiting Niagara Falls, Fanny Fry, who was a part of the pioneer group that followed the same route a year earlier, recorded the view and the reaction:

*1860s daguerreotype of Niagara Falls.  
[Library of Congress]*

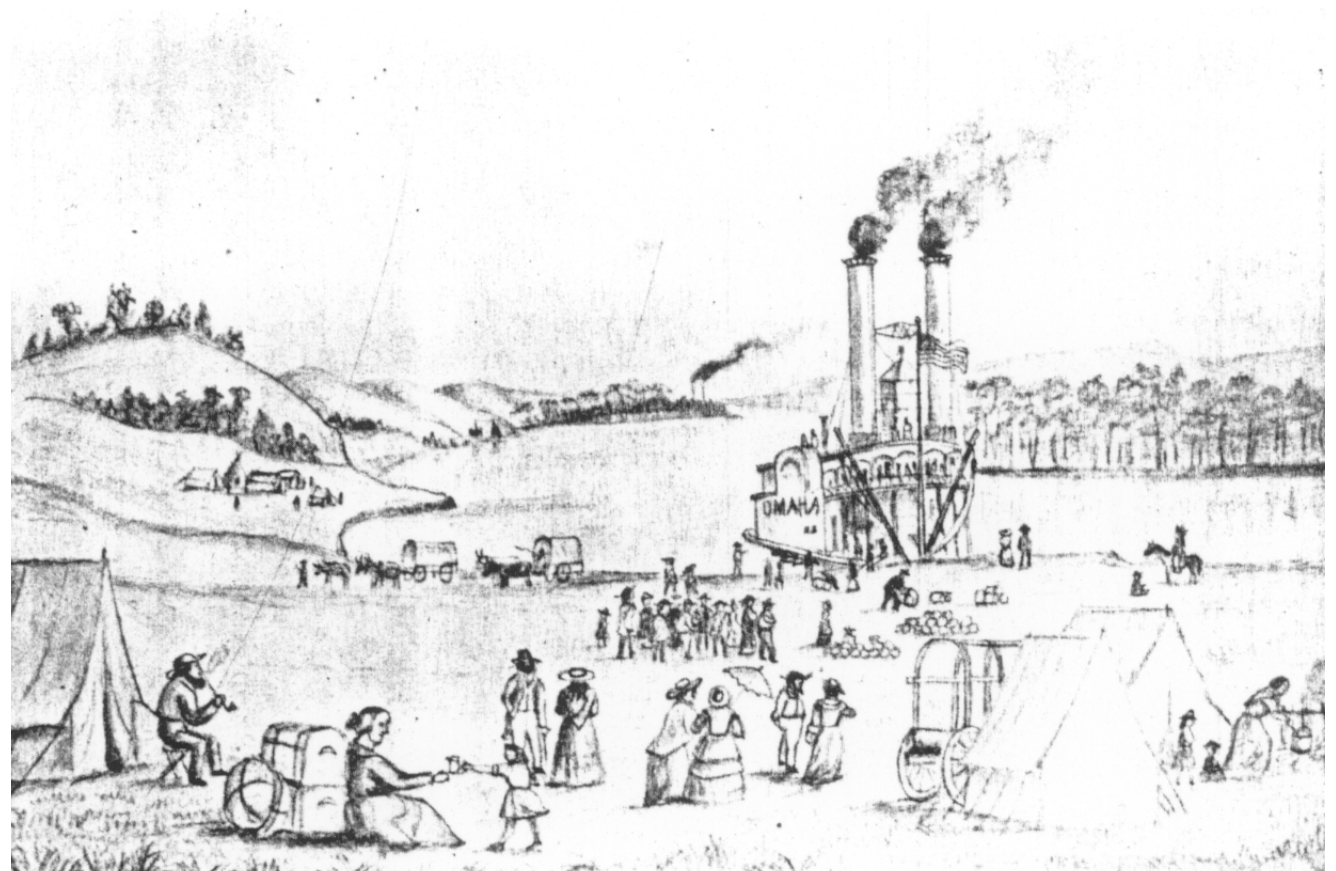




*Daguerreotype of a riverboat from the 1860s. [Library of Congress]*

The conductor stopped the train and let us all have a good look at the Niagara Falls. I have never forgotten the grandeur of the scenery. At every depot of any size there would be a crowd of people waiting to see the company of poor deluded Mormons going to Utah. The young girls oh how they did pity us, going there to enter into polygamy. They would express great sorrow for us. [Fanny Fry Simons (Journal), *Our Pioneer Heritage*, compiled by the Lesson Committee vol. 6 (Salt Lake City: Daughters of

Utah Pioneers, 1983) p. 190]



*Sketch of the steamboat Omaha, which the Bennetts took from St. Joseph to Florence. [Free Public Library, Council Bluffs, Iowa]*



## THE IMMIGRATION OF 1860

The summer of 1860 was a historic year for transcontinental travel. Some of the saints who traveled on the *William Tapscott* were members of the very last handcart company of Mormon pioneers to cross the plains. A new method of travel to replace handcarts was being explored. Joseph W. Young led a group of men and wagons from Salt Lake City to Florence and then back to Salt Lake City. The next year this would be called the Up and Back trains. It was cheaper to bring wagons from Salt Lake City, pick up pioneers and bring them back. The animals who made the round trip from Utah were in better condition at the end of the trip than the ones who started fresh from Florence.

1860 was also the year of the famous Pony Express, which brought quicker communication between east and west. It became obsolete with the oncoming of the transcontinental telegraph the next year. The Pony Express trail basically followed the Oregon and Mormon Trails. Catherine Jones Bennett was buried at a Pony Express Station.

And in 1860 a very curious traveler made his way to Salt Lake City. Sir Richard F. Burton, who had traveled to India and the Near East, studying religions of the world, also set out to learn and write about the Mormons. He met up with several of the pioneer companies of 1860, though he did not ever meet the William Budge Company.

## THE WILLIAM BUDGE COMPANY

William Budge was emigrating to Zion, after serving a number of years in Great Britain as a local missionary. On his arrival at Florence he was called by Elder George Q. Cannon (the Church Emigration Agent that year on the frontiers) to take charge of a train across the plains.

This call came unexpectedly to Elder Budge, but he responded, and at once he secured as his assistant Elder Nephi Johnson who had crossed the plains before and was a faithful and able frontiersman. The train consisted of 72 wagons all drawn by oxen with 2 or 3 exceptions where horses were used. There were also a number of loose horses, cows and young cattle in the company. [Journal History of the Church, 5 October, 1860]

## GREEN PIONEERS AND GREEN OXEN.

Three of the journals of the William Budge company mention the predicament of putting untrained masters with untrained oxen. Apparently, they took the pioneers a ways outside of Florence, introduced them to the oxen and had a few days of intensive training. Niels C. Christensen wrote:

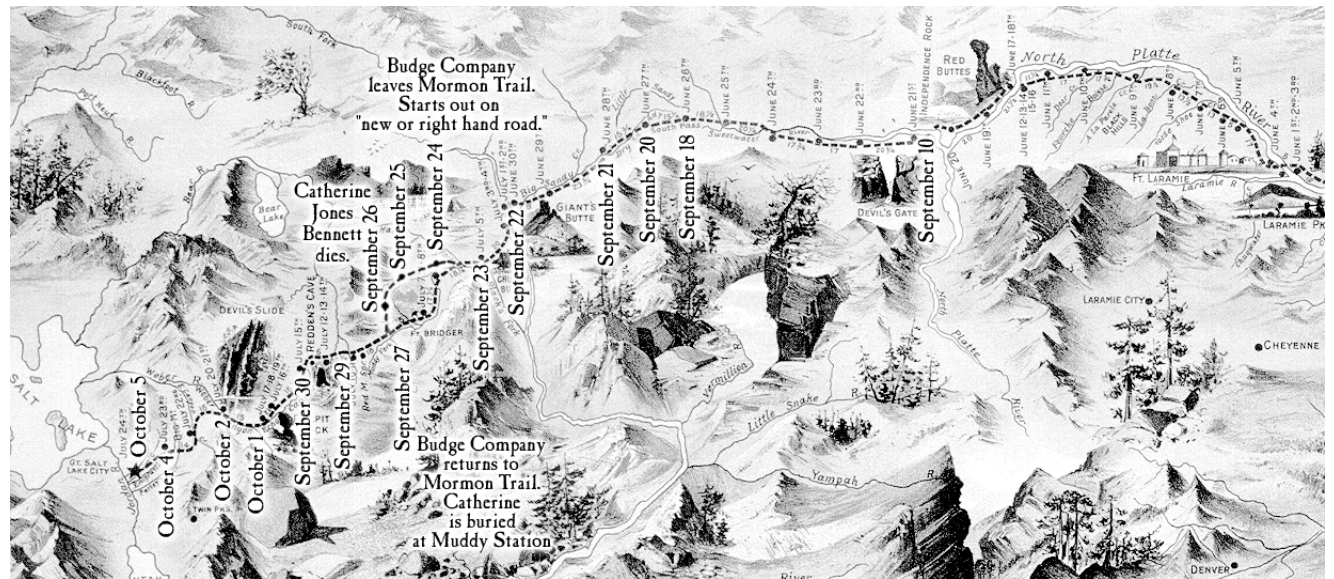
Sunday, July 15 Although we had not yet received our oxen, we were taken out from Florence by the Church teams to about three miles from Florence, where we remained encamped about four days. Thursday, July 19 We had now received our oxen, and therefore broke camp and commenced our journey toward the west. [Journal History of the Church, 5 October, 1860]

## CHAPTER 5

*In the deserts let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell,  
How he died—the blessed Savior  
To redeem a world from hell!  
Let me hasten, Far in distant lands to dwell,*

## Crossing the Plains

*Our [pilots] were both young men, and how they managed such a babble of tongues is more than ordinary mortals can tell. Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, German and English, and none of them had ever seen an ox team in their lives.*  
[C.L. Christensen]



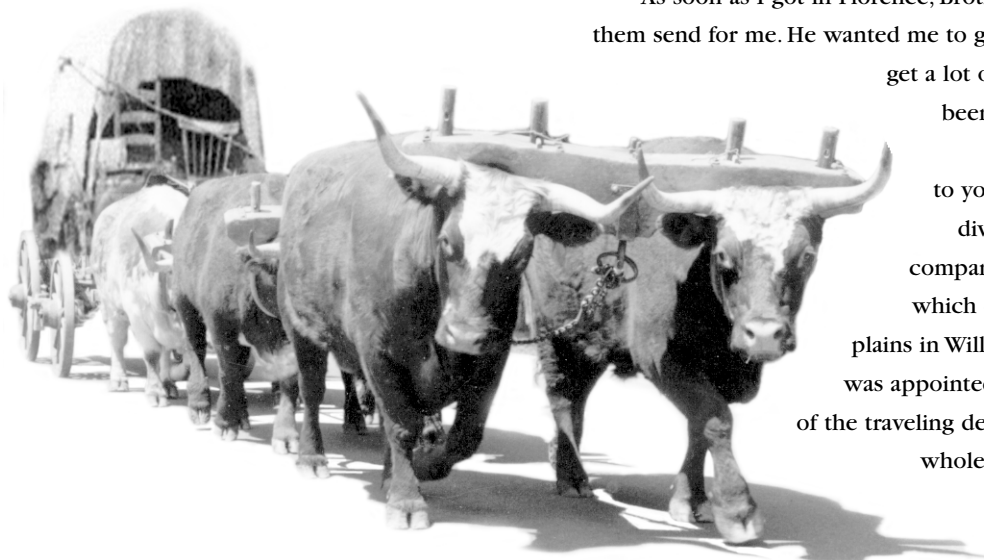
Nephi Johnson explained it this way:

As soon as I got in Florence, Brother Cannon had them send for me. He wanted me to go into Iowa and get a lot of oxen that had been bought for the emigrants. I was to yoke them up and divide them to the company of 83 wagons which came across the plains in Williams company. I was appointed to take charge of the traveling department of the whole company. . . . It took us several days to get

the cattle in shape to turn them over to the emigrants. They had got their wagons and loaded them. We hitched two oxen to the wagons and drove them out of Florence on to the hill above town, we then turned the teams over to the emigrants. Two days after, I started the company on the road to Utah. We had a merry time for a few days as there was only a few men in the company that had driven oxen. They had many adventures, wagon tongues and axle trees broken. Wagons tipped over, but no one was killed. [Nephi Johnson biography MS 2050 Reel 13 19:7:9 Historical Department]

Robert Bodily, a young convert from South Africa, wrote about driving the oxen in his un-punctuated journal:

It sure was a comical looking outfit moving along the oxen were awkward and the drivers seemed to know





## Emigration of 1860

Fifth Wagon Company (Started July 20, 1860)

Arrived in G. S. L. City Oct. 5, 1860.

- Captain of Company, William Budge  
 Chaplain " Thomas Williams  
 Sergeant of Guard, Nephi Johnson  
 Captains of Tens, 1st Ten, Charles F. Jones,

Names	Ages	Wagon	Oxen	horses	Porters	Keifer
Joseph Bennett	35	1	4	1	9	1
Mary "	35					
Mary "	12					
Joseph "	9					
Eliza "	5					
Emma "	1					
Benjamin "	64					
Catherine "	65					
Elizabeth "	20					

time you would see people gathering buffaloe chips wich was dried cow and buffaloe dung that was in place of wood there was little or no wood along the platt river to

make a fire of for cooking purposes there were a great number of buffalo you could see hundreds of them feeding a short distance from the road there were also plenty



of Antelope a small animal a good deal like a deer and when it jumps it would show a white spot on its back, as we traveled along we would see a piece of paper that some earlier train had left telling when they had passed along and sometimes you would see a new made grave where some poor soul had been laid to rest caused from different hardships endured while on the way for it surely was a trying time for all especially those having large families to provide and care for and as we went west the days grew shorter and the water and the feed hard to find sometimes we would have to travel much farther than they expected to go on account of no water then the children had to be fed and put to bed and other things that pertains to a family attended to but for all the suffering the people were joyfull through all their suffering and sundays we always laid over on sundays and held meetings and all seemed to enjoy it looking anxiously for the time when they would arrive in Zion and that finally arrived on the 5th day of oct 1860 we camped on the lot where now stands the city and county building Salt Lake city the next day we went to conference and heard that great man President brigham young and other good men whom we had never heard before [LDS Church Archives]

Annie Shackelton Bowen, who may have known the Bennett ladies, mentioned “the usual discomforts of wading streams, tramping over sandhills, getting torn to pieces by prickly pears and tormented by mosquitoes. The latter were so bad at one time that no one in camp could sleep for three nights.”[A True Saint: The Autobiography of Annie Shackelton Bowen,” Improvement Era 55:11 (November 1952) pp 808-9]

Captain William Budge did not go without heart-break himself. His son Jesse R. S. Budge recounts an episode in the journey of his parents.

Though sad to relate it is well that we are sometimes brought to contemplate the great hardships and suffering and sorrow which our parents endured as pioneers to the new country. There were so many trying things to be endured, and which were endured with an unfaltering faith that God would not forsake them, but that He approved of their sacrifice and devotion to Him in wending their way across those barren, sand-blown plains which seemed never-ending that they might gather with His people. I now picture my parents who were total strangers to this vast new country, and to all conditions of life which pertained to it, endeavoring still to strengthen one another and to bear their burdens bravely as many others had done before. And yet it was difficult to be hopeful or cheerful when fate seemed to mock at their humility and to deride their devotion. I have heard my mother say that from day to day for weeks during that long journey from Florence, she held her little babe, their second child, (the first having been buried in London) on a pillow, there being no place to rest him save in her own arms, and day by day she saw him waste away until finally he was released from his sufferings. And then all that could be done was to enclose his little body in a box constructed of rough lumber, dedicate a little spot as its final resting place, and leave it where no flowers grew, and where no sound broke the stillness save the wailing of the wind and the night call of the wolf. In the early morning members of the company relieved my father who was himself prepar-



*William Budge [Infobases Family History CD]*



*Father and Son, Joel Hills and Nephi Johnson, were the only two to write of Catherine Jones Bennett's death. Nephi was the wagonmaster for the Budge Company. Joel Hills' account gives us almost all we know about the death of Catherine Jones Bennett.*

ing the little grave by the roadside. The following day the journey was resumed. [Our Pioneer Heritage, Vol. 4, p.65]

#### THE JOURNALS OF NIELS C. CHRISTENSEN AND JOEL HILLS JOHNSON

Brother Niels C. Christensen, one of the Scandinavian emigrants who left Florence in Captain William Budge's train kept a daily journal, until it comes to a sudden and final stop.. [Journal History of the Church 5 Oct. 1860]

Joel Hills Johnson, who wrote the Mormon anthem "High on a Mountain Top" kept a daily journal, too. He was on a mission in Nebraska and returned with the Budge company. His son Nephi came to get him and became the wagonmaster for the Budge Company. Nephi Johnson was the first white man to discover what is now Zion Canyon National Park. Coincidentally, Joel and Nephi are the only two who mentioned the death of Catherine Jones Bennett in their journals.



*Elkborn Ferry was the jumping-off place for many wagon trains. [Piercy. Lee Library, BYU]*

SUNDAY, JULY 1

JOHNSON: This morning I found that a large company of English and Danish Saints had landed at the wharf during the night from the steam boat Omaha. They rushed into my brother's store this morning for board, but he had none so I went down to Omaha with a team and brought up a quantity and assisted my brother the balance of the day in supplying them with bread and the necessities.

MONDAY, JULY 2

JOHNSON: Found the ox that we had lost.

SUNDAY, JULY 15

JOHNSON: Since the last date I have assisted most of the time in tending my brother's store and in preparing my fit out for the plains. I started today with a few families for my home at Hood River. Nephi was obliged to stop behind to pilot out a large company of saints he being their chaplain or pilot. Stopped at the camp two miles from Florence.

CHRISTENSEN: Although we had not yet received our oxen, we were taken out from Florence by the Church teams to about three miles from Florence, where we remained encamped about four days.

MONDAY, JULY 16

JOHNSON: Started from Camp a little after noon in company with John Snider and some Danish families and came to the big Papillion Creek and camped for the night.

TUESDAY, JULY 17

JOHNSON: Started early in the morning and camped for the night within two miles of Fremont.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18

JOHNSON: Started early and camped for the night at Shell Harbor's old place.

THURSDAY, JULY 19

JOHNSON: Started early and camped for the night at Shell Creek.

CHRISTENSEN: We had now received our oxen, and therefore broke camp and commenced our journey toward the west. I was quite sick when we started, but I endeavored to stand the journey. We traveled till toward evening and then found a fine camping place where there was plenty of water and grass.

FRIDAY, JULY 20

JOHNSON: Started early. Very hot through the day. Came near melting. Some of our calls went for water. Camped for the night at Spauldings.

CHRISTENSEN: We remained in camp.

SATURDAY, JULY 21

JOHNSON: Left camp in good season and camped for the night at Looking Glass Creek.

CHRISTENSEN: We recommenced our journey quite early in the morning, stopped 1½ hours for dinner and then traveled until sundown, when we arrived on the bank of a river in which the water was not very good; we encamped here for the night.

SUNDAY, JULY 22

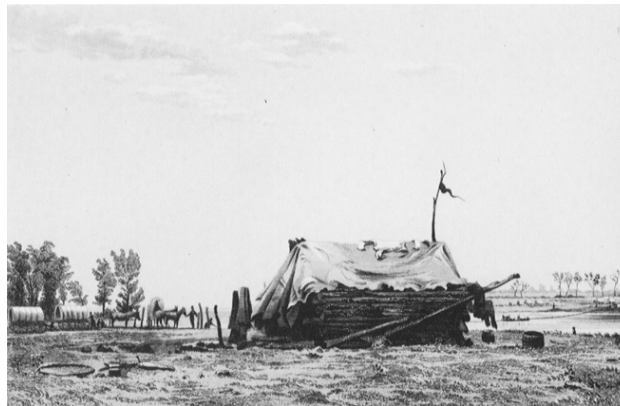
JOHNSON: Came to Loup Fork Ferry and crossed over the river.

CHRISTENSEN: Meeting was held in the camp in the forenoon, but we resumed our journey at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and traveled for 6 hours. We passed through a part of the country which was infected with numerous insects and the water was very poor.

MONDAY, JULY 23

JOHNSON: Stopped in camp on the bank of the river all day.

CHRISTENSEN: We continued our journey early in the morning and soon reached a house built on the banks of the Platte River, where one of the wagons belonging to one of the Swiss emigrants broke. Sister Else Mariager died at 2 o'clock and was buried about sundown; she had suffered severely a whole day with stomach trouble, and also had pains in the breast. Our camping place this evening was good so far as grass for the cattle was concerned but the water was poor.



*The wagons were called Chicago wagons, they had lynch pins, no thimble scones at that time, and no brakes, only a chain hanging on the side of the wagons, and they were seldom used only on very steep hills; in consequence of which we had many a runaway. Some of the oxen had harnesses on, a great mistake, for the team would often tangle up in the stretchers and fall down and get tangled, especially while crossing large streams such as the North Platte, which we forded a number of times. — C.L. Christensen, "Leaves from the Journal of C.L. Christensen," Heart Throbs of the West, comp by Kate B. Carter, vol 9 (Salt Lake City: Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, 1948) pp. 1-3.]*

*Loup fork Ferry. [Piercy. Lee Library, BYU]*



TUESDAY, JULY 24

JOHNSON: Started early in the morning and camped for the night just below Crystal Brook.

CHRISTENSEN: The weather was fine. We broke up our encampment at 8 o'clock a.m., and with the exception of a short stop for dinner traveled until sundown, when we encamped for the night where there was plenty of grass and water. Day's journey 18 miles.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25

JOHNSON: Started early in the morning and camped for the night a few miles above the Lone Tree Station on the Platte River.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 7:30 a.m. and traveled until 3 o'clock p.m., making 16 miles. The day was very warm and both the people and oxen suffered in consequence. We encamped for the night by the Platte River where grass and wood was plentiful.

THURSDAY JULY 26

JOHNSON: My brother Joseph met us in camp this morn-

ing on his way to Genoa and Columbus. Started rather late and camped for the night a little below Woodrow crossing.

CHRISTENSEN: We continued our journey at 8:30 a.m. The weather in the forenoon was fine, while the afternoon was somewhat stormy. We encamped for the night at 4:30 p.m. I was sick and tired during the day. Two Indians came into a camp and were treated to food. They were armed with bows and arrows.

FRIDAY, JULY 27

JOHNSON: Started early and arrived home at Woodview Center about sundown.

SATURDAY, JULY 28

JOHNSON: Commenced fitting up my wagon bow and cover.

CHRISTENSEN: We broke up our encampment at 12 o'clock noon, though some of the wagons had started early in the morning, on account of having to cross a river on a ferry. The last wagons were not able to cross until 1 hour after sundown. We camped about half a mile from the river at 10 p.m. During the day we had to double-team part of the way.

SUNDAY, JULY 29

CHRISTENSEN: The weather was fine and a little rain fell off and on during the day. We traveled in a south-westerly direction. A wagon wheel broke. We again encamped for the night on the Platte River. During the last three nights we had scarcely had any sleep owing to the annoyance of mosquitoes. We traveled until 9:50 p.m. this day and encamped after sundown.



MONDAY, JULY 30

CHRISTENSEN: We remained in camp until 1 o'clock p.m. The load on the wagon which broke the day before was loaded into another wagon. One of the Swiss sisters died the forenoon and was buried just before we started. We traveled until 5 o'clock p.m. and camped on the Platte river where grass, water and mosquitoes were plentiful. The emigrants had but little rest.

TUESDAY, JULY 31

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 8 o'clock a.m. About 1 o'clock p.m. a fearful storm accompanied by thunder and lightning came up which made travel very unpleasant. The downfall was so plentiful that we could scarcely move because of the water; one wagon belonging to the English emigrants broke. We camped for the night at 3 p.m. Soon afterwards the weather cleared up. About this time the wife of Ola Gaarder from Norway gave birth to a son. We enjoyed a good night's rest not being molested by mosquitoes.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1

JOHNSON: Since the above date I have been busy fitting up for my journey. Today I had a severe attack of the Asiatic Cholera cramping, vomiting, and purging. It was thought several times by those attending me that I was dying but the Lord in his goodness saw fit to spare my life for which I thank his holy name.

CHRISTENSEN: The weather was somewhat wet and stormy in the morning. During the night the oxen had crossed the river and we had to wade across to get them back. We resumed our journey at 7 o'clock a.m. the

forenoon was windy while the afternoon was warm and pleasant. We passed several houses today and encamped for the night at 5 o'clock p.m. An Elderly sister Olson from Sweden died today at 2 p.m. She was buried in the evening.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2

JOHNSON: Still confined to my bed through weakness. Nephi arrived a day ahead of his train.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 7 o'clock a.m. crossed a small river without a bridge, passed a number of houses, and came to another little small river where we encamped for the night at 3 o'clock p.m. Day's journey 16 miles. I got very tired during the day and traveled behind the company.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3

JOHNSON: Nephi's train arrive today in the forenoon.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 5 o'clock a.m. and stopped to rest at 8 o'clock p.m. by the same river, on which we had camped before; here grass for the cattle was scarce, but we found a town inhabited by saints (Genoa) and stopped here for a short time for repairs. Our mechanics were very busy till the following day at 2 o'clock p.m.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4

JOHNSON: Today in the afternoon the train started on but I was not ready and able to start.

CHRISTENSEN: The weather was fine. We resumed our journey at 3 o'clock p.m. The brethren who had traveled ahead of the company but who had remained in camp waiting for us since Saturday now followed us. We traveled till after sundown when we encamped for the night on Wood River.

*"We had campfires at night and everyone did his share in trying to cheer one another. We would dance to the music of the concertina or fiddle and sing songs, and our prayers, by all means, were never forgotten.—Mary Patterson Gardner member of the Budge Company. [Alvus H. and Martha Fillmore Patterson," An Enduring Legacy, vol 5 (Salt Lake City: Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, 1982) p. 247.]*

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5

JOHNSON: Started a little after breakfast on my journey across the plains with two wagons belonging to myself, one containing goods belonging to the hand-carts and other companies gone before which I was freighting under contract with Brother G. Q. Cannon, the other with goods, provisions, etc, belonging to myself. Nephi, Margaret and an old maid who was with us by the name of Mary Ellen. I had charge also of another wagon sent out by my brother Joseph E. Johnson to take out the children of the late Sister Babbott and an old maiden lady by the name of Hannah Allen, sister to the above mentioned Mary with a young lady and child sent by my brother by the name of Eliza Sanders. We camped for the night a little above fort Kearny on the Platte River.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey from Wood River at 7:30 a.m. and reached the Platte River once more about noon. Here we encamped and held meeting in the afternoon. The following night was stormy and the thunder and lightning was quite severe.

MONDAY, AUGUST 6

JOHNSON: Fell in company with Nephi's train this morning. The train was divided into two companies consisting of about 35 wagons each. One division of the train being Scandinavians and Brother Patterson being their leader. It was thought best for them to go ahead. We started from camp about noon and traveled about eight miles and camped by a large Slew near the river while the other divisions of the camp went on in order to keep a little in the advance that we might not hinder each other in traveling.

CHRISTENSEN: The English and Scandinavian emigrants were divided so as to travel separately and Carl Wideborg was chosen as captain for the company in which the Scandinavians and Swiss were to travel. We resumed our journey at 1 o'clock p.m. and traveled until 4:20 p.m. when we encamped for the night.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7

CHRISTENSEN: We continued the journey at 6 o'clock a.m., traveled over a good road until early in the afternoon, when we camped owing to stormy weather.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8

CHRISTENSEN: Resumed our journey at 6 o'clock a.m. The roads were quite muddy, owing to the recent rains, and the water had cut several deep channels across the road. A number of Indians on horseback came to the camp wanting something to eat. We traveled during the day 22 miles when we camped after dark. During the day we were annoyed by grasshoppers which seemed to literally cover the earth.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 7 o'clock a.m., leaving a camping place where there was no water. After traveling 2 hours we were visited by four Indians on horseback. We traveled until 4:30 p.m. and after we had camped, we were visited by Bros. Wm. Budge and Nephi Johnson who informed us that the other company (the English) was six miles away.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10

CHRISTENSEN: We broke up our encampment at 6:30 a.m. and traveled over a number of steep sand hills. We made a halt at 10 a.m. to water our cattle. A couple of Indians crossed the river toward us. I encountered these Indians while I was gone to the river looking for buffaloes. A child died today belonging to Sister Nicholisen. And was buried in the evening. A number of Indians came and encamped with us for the night. They seemed to be friendly and were glad to become recipients of our hospitality. Our place of encampment here was near the junction of the Platte and the Buckhorn rivers.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 6 o'clock a.m. and the Indians likewise, but they told us that more Indians would soon put in their appearance. We had traveled only a short distance when between 1500 and 2000 Indians, consisting of men, women, and children were surrounding us. They had with them a number of tents and a multitude of dogs, as well as loose horses. We were very much amused to witness their peculiar mode of travel with their long tent poles and other equipment. We gave them some provisions which, however, did not go far, there being so many of them. They encamped for the night a short distance from the place where we also made our night's encampment in the middle of the afternoon. Most of the day we traveled over sandy roads. Many of the oxen nearly gave out. We crossed a brook with clear water where we encamped for the night, after traveling 15 miles during the day.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12

JOHNSON: The past six days has been fine, cool weather and first rate traveling. We have had good luck and good time to this place, the Pawnee Springs, about one hundred miles above Fort Kearny.

CHRISTENSEN: We remained in camp till 1:30 p.m. and traveled only 5 miles. Our oxen being tired on account of the heavy sand we encountered the previous day. After making our encampment, a number of Indians visited us, and we entered into a little trading with them. During the afternoon the wife of Jens Johnson from Sweden gave birth to a child. During the evening we were visited by a severe shower, accompanied by thunder and lightning.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13

JOHNSON: Started early and traveled about 20 miles and camped for the night on the bank of the river.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 5:45 a.m. The whole body of Indians traveled with us, or went in the same direction that we were going, but we had to stop while they passed us. They made us understand that they were going into war with another tribe which had killed some of their women and children while the men were out on a hunt. After the Indians had encamped a short distance ahead of us, a number of them came back to our camp in the evening, begging for something to eat. The night was sultry and we only enjoyed a little sleep that night.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14

JOHNSON: Today Brother Budge (the president of the Camp) lost a small child by death it having been sick for several days. It was buried at evening about a mile west of the Bluff Fork of the Platte River. I wrote the following lines on the occasion and gave them to the mother.

*On the bank of Platte River  
Near the Bluff Fork's sandy wild  
There I saw a loving mother  
Weeping o'er her dying child.*

*There the darling babe we buried  
Just as daylight disappeared  
Where the red man long has tarried  
And the wolf's shrill howl is heard.*

*Sleeping on his sandy pillow  
Where no friend his grave can strew  
With sweet flowers, or plant the willow  
Loves sweet token to renew.*

*There must wait till all that slumber  
With the just are waked again  
Then he shall be with the number  
Free from sorrow, toil and pain.*

*Then his mother shall behold him  
Still more precious than before  
And with songs of joy enfold him  
In her arms to part no more.*

We traveled today about twenty miles and camped near the river.

CHRISTENSEN: We continued our journey at 6 o'clock a.m. and traveled over good roads, followed by the

Indians who gave us cherries. We traveled 4 miles through sand hills and many of our animals nearly gave out. Tired and weary ourselves, we encamped for the night on the banks of a little brook where wood was scarce, but water and grass plentiful.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15

JOHNSON: Today we traveled over immense sand banks and passed an Indian village a little before midnight and camped about half a mile from the river having traveled about twenty miles.

CHRISTENSEN: Resumed our journey at 7 o'clock a.m. and traveled first over good roads and later through sand hills. After traveling until 3 o'clock p.m., we had only made 8 miles and a half. We crossed Goose Creek on which we camped for the night. The mosquitoes again bothered us.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16

JOHNSON: This morning Brother Sharp found that his horses was missing. Nephi immediately started back to look for them he tracked them for several miles until they came near a camp of returning apostates from Utah when no further traces of them could be found, he therefore supposed that they had been stolen by them and returned to the camp. We started about 4 o'clock and traveled a few miles and camped for the night on a small stream.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 6 o'clock a.m., traveled over sandy roads, 8 miles, and camped for noon at 1 o'clock p.m. A meeting was held at which we were ordered to throw away sufficient of our baggage to enable us to travel faster. Between 7 and 8 o'clock today the Indians surrounded a sister Madsen who trav-



eled behind the company with Bro. Widerborg's wife who was lame. The Indians evidently intended to run away with Sister Madsen and do violence to her person. This caused a great disturbance in the camp. We all grabbed our guns and ran back to fight the Indians and rescue the woman, but when we reached her, she had already escaped from the savages unhurt.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17

JOHNSON: Started early and traveled about 10 miles and camped for the night on Rattlesnake Creek having had a very hard sandy road.

CHRISTENSEN: We discarded a buried a great portion of our baggage and left our encampment about 10 o'clock. The English company came so near us that we could see them a short distance in the rear. We traveled 7 miles, crossed two small creeks and camped for the night on a third creek at 2 o'clock p.m.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18

JOHNSON: Started at about 8 o'clock and traveled about seventeen miles to Sandy Creek for the night.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 6:30 a.m. and traveled over good roads, though a little sandy in places. We crossed five small creeks with clear water, stopped to noon from 12 to 2 p.m., after which we ascended the worst hill that we so far had encountered on our journey. After making our encampment for the night, we were visited by Bros. Budge and Johnson, who spoke to us and were glad to see us. A child belonging to Peter Peterson from Aalberg conference died in the afternoon. An Indian shot an arrow into Bro. Patterson's dog. The weather was very warm today.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19

JOHNSON: Started early and traveled about six miles and come to the Sand Bluffs and had to double all our teams to cross them after which we traveled five or six miles and camped for the night.

CHRISTENSEN: We continued on our journey at 6:30 a.m. Two of Bro. Aagard's oxen were lost, but they were subsequently found. We traveled only a short distance and camped at 2 p.m. to hold meeting in the afternoon. The roads were good and the weather very warm.

MONDAY, AUGUST 20

JOHNSON: Traveled about eighteen or twenty miles and camped for the night.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 6:30 a.m. and traveled all day over good roads. The weather was warm. A terrible wind storm visited us after we had made our encampment in the evening blowing over a number of the tents. Some of the Indians brought us berries.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21

JOHNSON: Traveled about twenty miles and camped for the night.



*Laramie Peak, first sign of the Rocky Mountains and visible for miles. [Lee Library, BYU]*

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey as usual at 6:30 a.m., stopped four hours for noon and then continued traveling till evening.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22

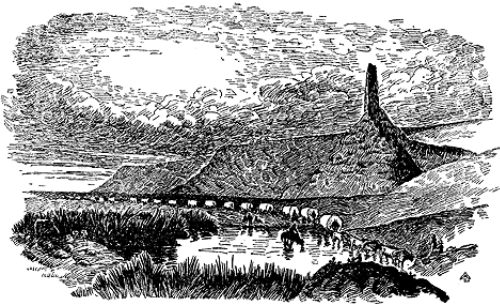
JOHNSON: Started early, nooned at the foot of Cobblestone Bluffs passed over them in the afternoon and made in all today about 18 miles.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 6:45 a.m. Ola Gunder's child died and was buried. Our journey this day led us over sandy roads. The English company were only 2 or 3 miles behind us so near that we could

see them. Bros. Budge and Johnson visited us and traveled with us until we camped for noon. One of our teams ran away but was finally stopped. We encamped for the night at 6 o'clock p.m.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23

JOHNSON: Started very early and traveled over a very heavy sandy road for 12 miles and stopped for noon near the river. I had to walk most of the way and was very tired which has often been the case over this heavy sandy road, in the afternoon we traveled 8 or 9 miles and camped for the night near the river.



*Chimney Rock, visible for miles. [Right-Piercy.  
Both images Lee Library, BYU]*



CHRISTENSEN: We commenced our journey at 6 o'clock a.m. The weather was very warm, an ox belonging to Jens Larsen fell exhausted to the ground in the forenoon. We nooned from 11 a.m. till 2 p.m. We traveled slowly, with the English company close behind us, and camped for the night at 5 o'clock p.m. on the banks of the Platte River.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24

JOHNSON: Started early. Nephi being obligated to attend to some other business employed a lad to drive his team who in driving over a sideling place capsized it which detained us an hour or more at night. We camped opposite Chimney Rock.

Christensen: Resumed our journey at 6 o'clock a.m. and traveled over a good road, though a little sandy. After stopping three hours for dinner, we traveled till sundown. We passed several cliffs of pyramid shape, and the scenery was grand.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25

JOHNSON: Started about 7 o'clock. Traveled about 10 miles and stopped for noon on the river. Some of my cattle getting foot sore so I had to shoe one on both hind feet. Camped for the night at Scottsbluff.

CHRISTENSEN: We broke our encampment at 6 o'clock a.m. and stopped four hours for dinner and then traveled till evening. Some of the brethren went out hunting and killed three fowls.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26

JOHNSON: Started after 6 o'clock and came to Cold Creek and stopped for noon, weather very hot, and have to drive my own way which is very hard considering my poor state of health. I sometimes get so tired it seems as though life would depart. Camped for the night near the river.

Christensen: We resumed our journey at 6:45. The day was very warm, stopped from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. for dinner and then traveled till evening, when we found a



*Scott's Bluff [Piercy. Lee Library, BYU]*

pleasant camping place where there was plenty of wood, but a long distance from water.

MONDAY, AUGUST 27

JOHNSON: Started early and traveled about 20 miles and camped near the river.

CHRISTENSEN: Resumed our journey at 6 o'clock a.m. and traveled with the English company a short distance behind us. A number of the English emigrants visited us yesterday and today, and we stopped for noon 2 hours and camped for the night at 6 o'clock p.m. on the Platte River, where grass was scarce, but wood plentiful.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28

JOHNSON: Started about 7 o'clock and traveled about 10 miles through nothing but heavy sand and stopped for noon near the river. Camped for the night 8 or 9 miles below Fort Laramie.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 6:15 a.m. and traveled over a somewhat sandy road, stopped at noon from 12 to 3 p.m. and camped for the night at 6 p.m. at a place where grass was scarce.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29

JOHNSON: Started early and stopped opposite Fort Laramie about noon, while some of the company went over to the Fort to trade, Nephi went over also and got a letter from home, we then went about four miles above the fort and camped for the night.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 5 o'clock a.m. without eating breakfast, traveled 3 miles, and found ourselves opposite Fort Laramie, where we found

provisions and everything sold at very high prices. We laid in camp from 7 in the morning till 4:30 in the afternoon and then traveled 3 miles further, camped for the night at 6:15 p.m. where grass, water and wood was very scarce.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30

JOHNSON: Started early and came to the Black Hills Road. Found it very uneven and stony. Traveled about fifteen miles and camped for the night at some springs on the north side of the road.

CHRISTENSEN: We resumed our journey at 7:15 p.m. Our road at first was level and good, but we soon found ourselves going in among the Black Hills where the climbs were frequently very steep. We did not stop this day for noon, but traveled on till 8 o'clock at night when we encamped on the Platte River, where grass was scarce, having traveled during the day 16 miles. The mountains here are covered with pine and birch trees.

END OF A JOURNAL

Here Bro. Christensen's Journal suddenly ends. Two

*Fort Laramie—the closest thing to a 7-Eleven on the Mormon Trail, and many pioneers did not even cross the river to go there because the prices were too high. Niels C. Christensen was accidentally shot near here by a friend, thus ending his journal. [Piercy. Lee Library, BYU]*





days later, on Sept 1st, 1860, he was accidentally shot by a fellow traveler and friend, Swen N. Lovendahl, while out shooting sage hens. The company were nooning on Horse Shoe Creek when the accident took place. Bro. Christensen died a little after sundown and before sunrise the following day (Sept. 2nd) he was buried in a seven foot grave, his body being wrapped in burlap.

#### FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER AUGUST 31

From here on through October 5, all daily entries are from the journal of Joel Hills Johnson: Started at 7 o'clock and traveled about seven miles over a hard, rough, hilly road to the view and stopped for noon. Started a gain about 4 o'clock and traveled in a small sprinkle of rain about three miles and camped for the night on a high hill without water.

#### SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST

Started about 7 o'clock and traveled about 10 miles to Alder Springs and stopped for noon. Road very hard over the Black Hills and I am almost tired to death of walking all day and driving team which is my constant lot, camped for the night on the river.

#### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND

Started early and camped for the night on the river.

#### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD

Stopped all day to repair wagons, and shoe oxen, wash, etc, at this place. I caught a few fine fish in the river.

#### TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH

Started at one o'clock in the afternoon and traveled till nine o'clock at night and camped on the bank of the river at this place. I also caught some fish.

#### WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH

Forded the river to the South side and at night camped on its bank.

#### THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH

Started at 7 o'clock and camped for the night at dark on the bank of the river.

#### FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH

Started very early and overtook Joseph Young's train, and camped about 9 o'clock at night.

#### SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH

Started early and crossed the upper bridge of the Platte and camped for the night on the river where the road leaves it.

#### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9TH

Started early. Traveled all day behind Joseph Young's train and passed him in camp late in the evening. Camped for the night on Goose Creek.

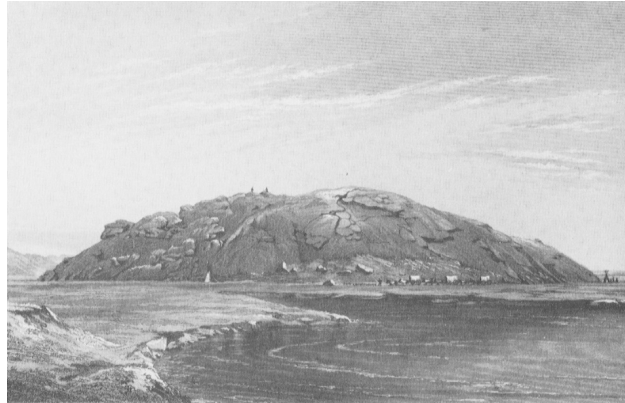
#### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH

Started in good time. Traveled all day and camped for the night on the Sweetwater River at Independence Rock.

#### *About Chrtistensen's Death:*

*"Father, who was a large man, carried 17 women across the river, who were too badly frightened to shift for themselves, among them was my mother. After everything was crossed and the wagons in corral and cattle turned out under guard to feed, father came up to our wagon and mother announced that the pan cakes were ready. He answered that he did not care to eat and said to mother, "I understand there are many sage hens on the creek and as we have many sick folks in the train I will go and try for some fresh meat for them." He picked up his double barreled shotgun and passed over to the East side, where he fell in with S. M. Lovendahl a Swedish friend. The two had not been gone, long when a shot was heard and Mr. Lovendahl came running into camp for help, he had shot father. Nephi Johnson and others grabbed some bedding and ran to the wounded man's assistance, The information ran through camp like wild-fire; mother and I got there as they were laying him on some bedding. He said but little, but it was all for the welfare of his widow and two small boys, one 5 1/2 years old and the other 3 1/2 and the prospect of another soon to be. It appears that Mr. Lovendahl had seen some sage hens and they had dodged out of his sight and, while he yet had his gun cocked he fell over some obstacle and shot father in the bowels. About one-half of the shot hit the stock of father's gun, but enough hit father so he died sometime during the night. Next morning before sunrise he was buried by the wayside, in an unknown grave. His coffin was burlap sacks; and grave stone, a buffalo skull."—C.L. Christensen.*

*Independence Rock [Piercy. Lee Library, BYU]*



TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH

Started early. Traveled all day and camped for the night on the river.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH

Started early. Passed the Three Crossings about noon. Traveled all day and camped for the night on the river.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH

Started late. Traveled all day and camped at night on the river.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH

Started early. Traveled all day and camped at night on the river, the bones of animals and other remains of wagons lie thickly strewn all along the road being the remains of Uncle Sam's war expedition against the Saints.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH

Started early and left the river about noon and crossed the rocky ridges towards evening, and camped for the

night near Small Springs Stream.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH

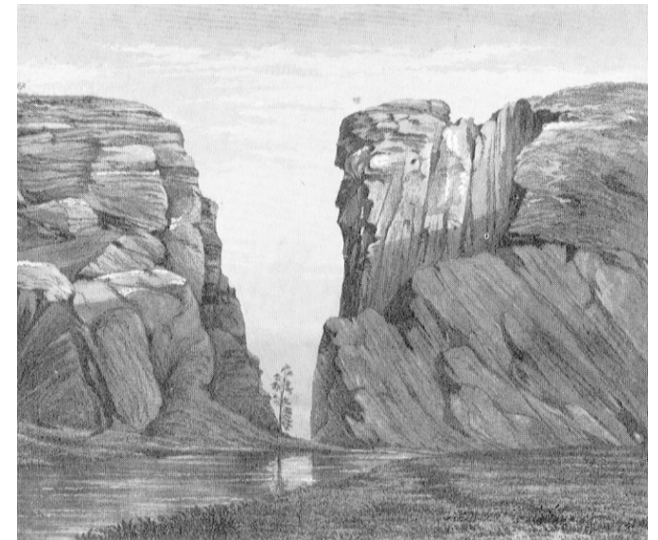
Last night and this morning the train lost four oxen which died from the effects of Alcohol. We started late and traveled to Rock Creek and camped for the night.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH

Started at 10 o'clock. Wind very high. Came to the last crossing of the Sweetwater and camped for the night.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH

This morning the ground was white with snow with ice in the water buckets. Found two of our oxen dead. I think the camp has lost eight up to this time. Started early and crossed the South Pass and camped for the night on Pacific Creek.



*Devil's Gate [Piercy. Lee Library, BYU]*

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH

Started early and traveled about 8 miles and camped for the night without water five miles from Little Sandy.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH

Started about sunrise without breakfast and drove to the Little Sandy for water and grass and stopped for the Camp to get breakfast. We then started on and camped for the night on the Big Sandy.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST

Started early and traveled twenty miles and camped on the Big Sandy again.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND

Started at 8 o'clock and camped for the night one mile below the crossing of the Green River.



The last week of Catherine's life was spent on a trail that few had traveled before. Nephi Johnson, the wagonmaster of the company, had come earlier that summer from Utah to pick up his father, Joel Hills Johnson. He traveled with his cousin Doug Babbitt on Joseph W. Young's freight company. This company was the prototype of the "down and back" companies, which would replace the handcart companies and the companies which had to buy teams and wagons in Florence. Instead, they would bring teams and goods from Salt Lake City and return with pioneers. Joseph W. Young even gave a sermon in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on "ox-teamology." [Richards, Bradley W., *The Savage View*, p.21] Joel Hills Johnson wrote:

SATURDAY, JUNE 2ND, 1860. A company of missionaries and men after goods passed here today from Salt Lake. Among the missionaries was Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich, two of the twelve on missions to England. My son Nephi and nephew Don C. Babbitt also came down with the company.

Not only was the method new, but part of the route was new also. They took what became known as "Joseph W.'s Cut-Off," which, coming from Salt Lake, started at Muddy Creek Station. Zebulon Jacobs took the route a year later as part of a down and back company and wrote about it in his journal:

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1861

We started at 8 a.m. and traveled over dusty roads 6 miles

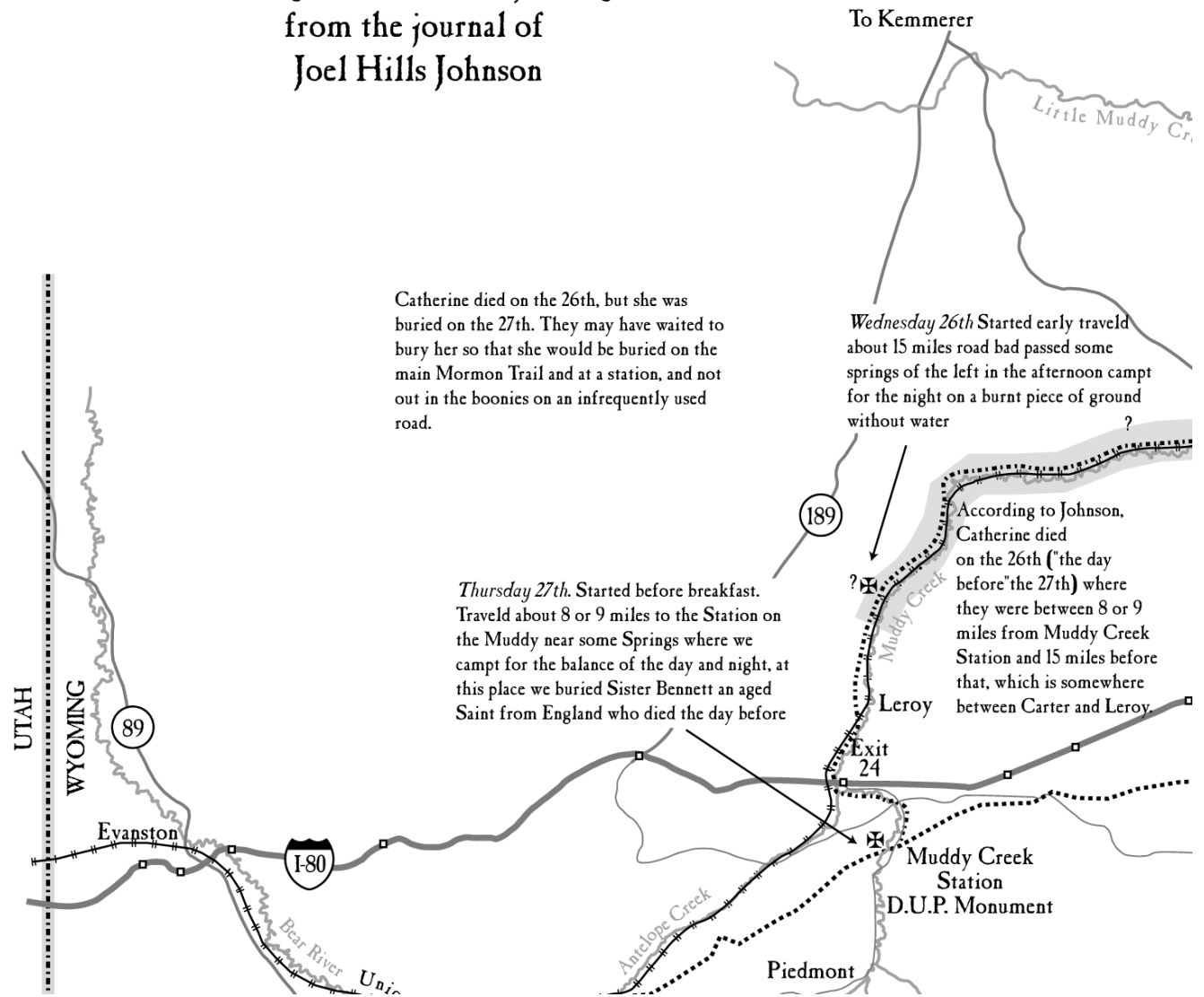
## CHAPTER 6

*In the deserts let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell,  
How he died—the blessed Savior  
To redeem a world from hell!  
Let me hasten,  
Far in distant lands to dwell,*

### *Joseph W.'s Cut-off and Catherine Jones Bennett's Death*

*Ford of the Green River [Lee Library, BYU]*

Route of William Budge Company, September 1860  
through Southwest Wyoming,  
from the journal of  
Joel Hills Johnson









*Pony Express station at Granger, Wyoming.*



*Still a good crossing.  
Confluence of Blacks Fork and Hams Fork  
where the pioneer trail crossed at present-day  
Granger, Wyoming. This is where the Budge  
Company left the traditional pioneer trail and  
started on the new road.*

to Muddy Creek Station, where we left the old road to our right, and drove 8 miles further to a spring, and camped.

SATURDAY, MAY 4. We resumed our journey at 8:30 a.m. and traveled until 6 o'clock p.m. over the new road called "Joseph W.'s Cut-Off." We struck the old road again at the crossing of Muddy Creek, on which stream we camped for the night, after traveling 18 miles. [Journal History of the Church, 23 April, 1861].

This would be where the Oregon Trail coming from Fort Bridger crosses Muddy Creek at present-day Carter, Wyoming. The Budge company and Young's returning company leapfrogged each other. Nephi Johnson may have conferred with Joseph W. Young about taking his company along the new route. Young's company may have taken the new road, but none of the other companies that year did. The Budge company was the last one of the year, having taken longer to arrive in New York and then having had the days of quarantine, and they may have been trying to make up time. Dr LaMar Berrett suggested also that they may have detoured around Fort Bridger if they had any gun powder. If the government people at Fort Bridger would have seen the gun powder, they might have confiscated it. The journal of Joel Hills Johnson continues:

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD

Started a bout 7 o'clock. Traveled all day. Made about 20 miles and camped for the night on Blacks Fork. Here I caught several pounds of very fine fish. Monday 24th. Started as usual. Took the new or right hand road, leaving Fort Bridger to the left. Traveled about 18 miles and

camped for the night again on Black Fork."

This is where the Budge Company took off on Joseph W.'s cut-off. The route they took follows the drainage of Hams Fork and Muddy Creek, passing the confluence of Dry Muddy Creek and Little Muddy Creek. This same route is where the transcontinental railroad went and where the railroad still goes. Dr. Berrett suggests that they may have already been on Muddy Creek at this point, instead of Black Fork. I am quoting from the Johnson's handwritten manuscript. The typed and online copies of his journal have different words, sometimes, in this section.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25TH

Started about 10 o'clock and camped for the night on Muddy Creek without water it being dry.

If you follow the Zebulon Jacobs journal and go backwards, this camp would be where the Oregon Trail crosses Muddy Creek at Carter, Wyoming.

#### THE DAY OF CATHERINE JONES BENNETT'S DEATH

According to Johnson, this is the day that Catherine Jones Bennett died. If she was sick and they were camped at a place without water and on a burnt piece of ground, it must have been very miserable. It is easy to understand why they would have wanted to take Catherine's body on to the Muddy Station, since it was only eight or nine miles away. There was water there, and she would be buried on the main pioneer trail, and not out in a dry burnt area in the wilderness even then.

The camp was probably near where the Bridger train stop is now, between Carter and Leroy. It is still a bad road. I tried to get there in 1998 and couldn't, even in my four-wheel drive Land Cruiser.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH

Started early. Traveled about 15 miles. Road bad. passed. some springs of the left in the afternoon. Camped for the

night on a burnt piece of ground without water.

#### THE DAY CATHERINE WAS BURIED

Nephi Johnson knew the route and knew that it wasn't far to the Pony Express Station on the Muddy. William Clayton's Emigrant Guide, a guide that most pioneers used which described the trail and told how far they had come from the beginning and how far it was to Salt Lake City,

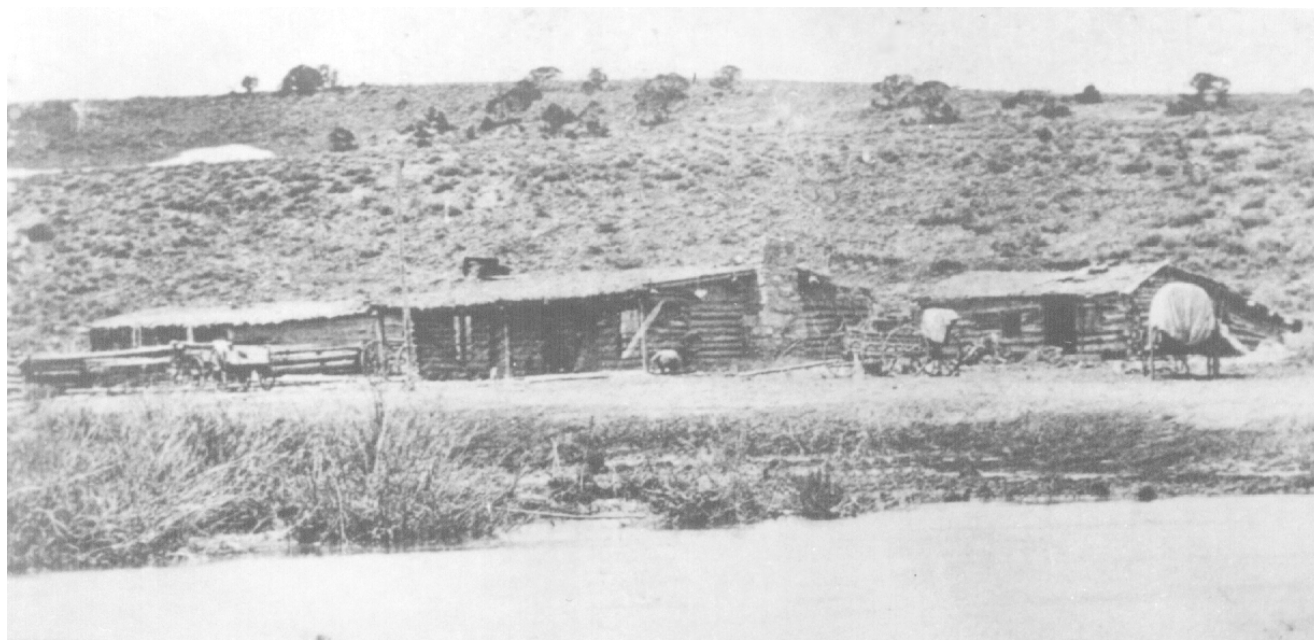
### ***Catherine Jones Bennett died in Utah?***

***Although Catherine Jones Bennett never made it to the Salt Lake Valley, she did make it to Utah. In 1860 the eastern border for Utah Territory was the continental divide, which the Budge company crossed at South Pass on September 18—8 days and 130 miles before Catherine died.***



*Muddy Creek today. The camp site is on the left and the station site is on the right.*

*Old Photograph of the Pony Express Station at  
Muddy Creek [Guild Family]*



*Remnants of one of the buildings at the  
Muddy Creek Station.*

*Copy of Joel Hills Johnson's journal, for  
September 27, 1860.*

describes Muddy Creek and says that it is 100 and a half miles from Salt Lake City. This is probably the source for the family histories that mention Catherine Jones Bennett dying 100 miles from Salt Lake City. The typed manuscripts of Johnson's journal state "Iron Springs," instead of "some

springs" as in the hand-written manuscript. This was one of the things that threw us off when we first tried to match up Johnson's journal with the main pioneer trail.

*Thursday the 27<sup>th</sup> started before breakfast traveled about  
8 or 9 miles to the station on the Muddy near some  
springs where we camped for the balance of the  
day and night, at this place we buried sister  
Bennet an aged saint from England who died  
the day before*





*Ruts of Mormon Trail leading away from Muddy Creek.*

18

PROMINENT POINTS AND REMARKS.	Dist.	From W. base, miles.	From Col. G. S. L. miles.
Cold Springs, on the right side the road. <small>There is timber here, and it is a pretty good camping place.</small>	64	923½	107½
Small creek and springs. - - -	12	925	106
No food here, and no place to camp.			
Summit of High Ridge: Lat. 41° 16' 11". <small>After this, you travel several miles on tolerably level land, then you descend to lower land by a steep, tedious route.</small>	1	926	105
Muddy Fork, 12 feet wide. <small>Fifty of bunch grass and willows. Water clear, and not bad tasted. After this you will probably find no good water for eleven miles.</small>	4½	930½	100½
Copperas, or Soda Spring. - - -	3½	934½	96½
<small>Left of the road at the foot of a hill. The road now begins to ascend another high ridge.</small>			
Summit of Ridge: Altitude 7,315 feet. <small>The descent is lengthy, and some tedious. About half way down you pass over rough rocks, and the pass being narrow, makes it dangerous to wagons.</small>	1½	936	95
Copperas, or Soda Spring. - - -	1	937	94
<small>Cattle will drink this water, and there is plenty of grass around it. A little further the road turns to the left and passes down a narrow ravine.</small>			
Spring of good water, south side the road. <small>This is surrounded by high grass, close to the creek side. There is another spring a little further on the south side the road, which will probably be the last water you will find till you arrive at Sulphur creek.</small>	4½	941½	89½
East foot of dividing ridge. - - -	1	942½	88½
<small>Dividing ridge between the waters of the Colorado and Great Basin. Ascent very steep and crooked—narrow summit and steep descending. After this, crooked road between mountains. Altitude of ridge, 7,700 feet.</small>			
Sulphur creek, 10 feet wide. - - -	6	948½	82½
<small>Fifty of grass and some willows; also, small cedar at the foot of the mountain. (See Note 7.)</small>			
Bear river, 6 rods wide, 2 feet deep. - -	1½	950½	80½
<small>Swift current—clear cold water; plenty of timber and grass. Altitude at ford, 6,636 feet.</small>			
Summit of Ridge. - - -	2½	953	78
<small>Half a mile further you cross a small ridge, then descend into, and travel down a nice narrow bottom, where is plenty of grass.</small>			
Spring of clear, cold water. - - -	1½	954½	76½
<small>On the south side the creek, about two rods from the road. The spring is deep—water clear, cold and good. Perhaps it will not be easy to find, being surrounded by high grass.</small>			
Yellow creek, cross at foot of rocky bluffs. <small>You will soon cross this again, and about a mile farther you second another long ridge, the ascent being pretty steep and tedious.</small>	4½	959½	71½
Summit of Ridge. - - -	1½	961½	69½
<small>Descent, pretty steep. About three-fourths of a mile down from the summit, is a spring of good cold water, on the left of the road.</small>			

*William Clayton's Emigrants Guide, which shows Muddy Creek being 100 1/2 miles from Salt Lake City. Probably the source for family information that Catherine Jones Bennett died "100 miles from Salt Lake City."*

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH

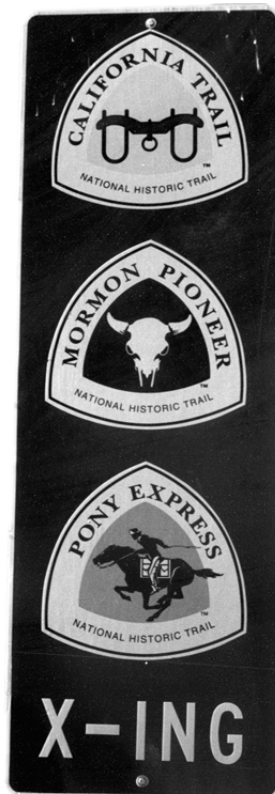
Started before breakfast. Traveled about 8 or 9 miles to the Station on the Muddy near some springs where we camped for the balance of the day and night, at this place we buried Sister Bennett, an aged Saint from England, who died the day before.

Nephi Johnson's journal is brief, but it does say that they buried her on the side of the road. Her grave was

probably never marked with anything substantial. The pioneers were weary. They were nearing Salt Lake City, and probably did not have many means to do much more by then. When Niels C. Christensen died a month earlier, he was covered with burlap before they buried him. They may have done the same with Catherine. It was probably hard for Benjamin and Elizabeth to keep going. But they had seen several people do the same since they left Connah's Quay. Less than 10 days later



*Down-and-back wagon train, coming back  
through Echo Canyon, Utah.  
[Photo: Charles W. Carter, 1866 LDS Church  
Archives]*



*Signs on I-80 denoting auto tour of the three trails.*



the company arrived in Salt Lake City. We are fortunate that Johnson did mention as much as he did about Catherine Jones Bennett's death, or we would probably not have made the marker near her grave. A note about her death date. Even though all the family history information says that she died and was buried on the same

day, we cannot ignore Johnson's journal on this part. He documented her death when it happened. His journal is very accurate in other details. The part where people may have gotten confused is that he talks about her death on his journal entry for the 27th, even though he says she died the day before.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH

Started early and crossed the Bear River Mountains and camped for the night on Sulphur Creek.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH

Started early. Crossed Bear River where we left Mary Allen with her niece. Traveled 18 miles and camped for the night at Cash Cave in Echo Canyon.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH

Traveled about 18 miles and camped for the night in the canyon.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1ST.

This morning some of our cattle were missing and after a long search all were found except one of Brother Bodily's. We started late and came on a few miles and Brother Bodily and some other stopped and went back to look for the lost ox. The balance came on about 16 miles and camped for the night in a canyon a few miles west of Weber Crossing.

TUESDAY 2ND. Crossed the mountains and camped on Canyon Creek.

WEDNESDAY 3RD.

Ascended the big mountain on the top of which three and half years ago I took my last view of the sweet valleys of Ephraim with a sorrowful heart.

*The snow camped peaks of Deseret  
With Ephraim's peaceful bells  
Though absent long I love them yet  
For there sweet union dwells.*

*Again upon this mountain top  
Those lovely scenes can view  
Though years ago with tears and hope  
I did bid them adieu.*

We camped for the night at the foot of the mountain.

THURSDAY 4TH. Crossed the little mountain and camped for the night at Emigration Canyon.

FRIDAY OCTOBER 5TH.

Arrived in the city and camped on the Public Square.

#### MUDDY CREEK CAMP AND STATION

Practically every person going to Salt Lake City from the east since 1846 has crossed Muddy Creek. The Donner party, the Mormon Pioneers of 1847, the Pony Express, Johnston's Army, the Overland Stage, early telegraph wires, train passengers since 1869, and all the cars and trucks on Interstate 80.

Sir Richard F Burton, on his way to Salt Lake City in 1860, passed through Muddy Creek and gave his description of the Muddy Creek station in his *The City of the Saints and Across the Rocky Mountains to California*:



*Post at Muddy Station marking Mormon, California, Pony Express, and Overland Stage trails.*



*Another commemoration in 1998 of an event that took place in 1860. The Pony Express monument at This is the Place Monument in Salt Lake City.*

23rd August, 1860 After passing the Mormons we came upon a descent which appeared little removed from an angle of 35°, and suggested the propriety of walking down. There was an attempt at a zigzag, and for the benefit of wagons, a rough wall of stones had been run along the sharper corners. At the foot of the hill we remounted, and passing through a wooded bottom, reached at 12:15 p.m.—after fording the Big Muddy-Little Muddy Creek,

upon whose banks stood the station. Both these streams are branches of the Hams Fork of Green River; and, according to the well-known "rule of contrairy," their waters are clear as crystal, showing every pebble in their beds.

Little Muddy was kept by a Canadian, a chatty lively good-humoured fellow blessed with a sour English wife. Possibly the heat—the thermometer showed 95° F in the shade—had turned her temper; fortunately it had not sim-

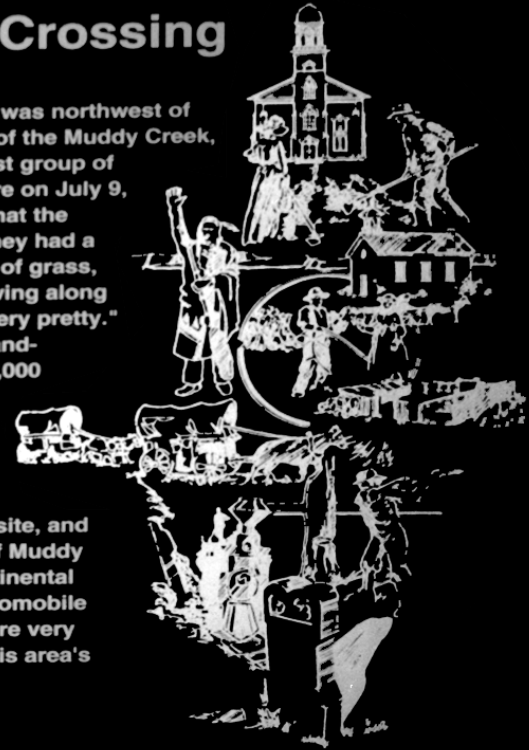
## Muddy Creek Camp and Crossing



The Muddy Creek Camp, which was northwest of this marker and on the west side of the Muddy Creek, was used by Brigham Young's first group of Mormon pioneers who arrived here on July 9, 1847. Thomas Bullock reported that the

brethren sang hymns for President Brigham Young, and they had a delightful evening. This camp had good water and plenty of grass, and the animals were well-fed by the tall bunch-grass growing along the creek. Erastus Snow described the campground as "very pretty."

It was one of the most heavily used camps on the Overland-Mormon-California-Pony Express Trails. Approximately 70,000 Mormon pioneers crossed, passed through, or camped at Muddy Creek Campground. The U.S. Army camped here with 2,000 men in June of 1858. Both the Martin and Willie handcart companies crossed here in November of 1856 while traveling with rescue wagons. The Muddy Overland Stage Stop and Pony Express Station were located at this site, and foundation stones may still be seen along the west bank of Muddy Creek. The road by this marker was the original Transcontinental Railroad bed of 1869. The Transcontinental Telegraph, automobile road, and stageline either go through the campground or are very nearby, making Muddy Creek Camp an important part of this area's history.



1997

No. 511

Sego Lily Camp

*Plaque at the D.U.P monument at Muddy Creek.*

ilarly affected the milk and cream, which were both unusually good. Jean-Baptiste, having mistaken me for a Franais de France, a being which he seemed to regard as little lower than the angels,—I was at no pains to disabuse him,—was profuse in his questionings concerning H. I. M. the Emperor, carefully confounding him with the first of the family, and so pleased was he with my responses, that for the first time on that route I found a man ready to spurn cet animal feroce qu'on appelle la piece de cinq francs: in other words, the "almighty dollar."

We bade adieu to Little Muddy at noon, and entered a new country, a broken land of spurs and hollows, in parts absolutely bare, in others clothed with a thick vegetation.

Most stories of the Muddy Station talk about Moses Byrne being the one who started the station. Wendy Peterson filled in the blanks between Burton's account and the traditional accounts.

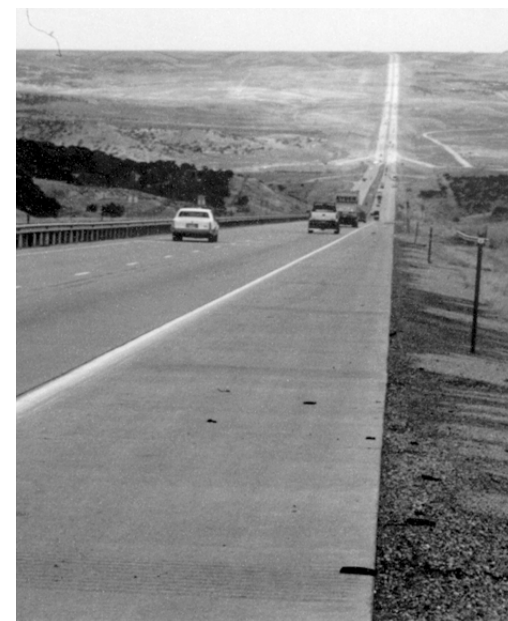
Moses Byrnes worked for the Pony Express while he was still in Utah. He cut hay and provided it for the horses. In 1860 ( which is when this canadian evidently ran the station) Moses took a contract from the Overland Stage Company from Denver, Colorado to build stage coach stations on the old emigrant trail through western Wyoming and part of Utah and early in 1861 he and Catherine moved to Wyoming. So maybe he took over the station after the canadian. Moses did build the station at the Muddy along with others. I found this in a history of Moses Byrne that I have. So I hope that helped. That's about all I know. My grandfather came somewhere around

1866 to run it and Moses moved up the Muddy Creek and started the little town of Piedmont.

With the coming of the railroad, Piedmont became a thriving town. It was a fueling stop on the transcontinental railroad. In fact the driving of the golden spike in Utah was postponed because railroad workers blocked the tracks at Piedmont, detaining one of the main railroad officials, until they were paid. Some visitors of note to Piedmont include Butch Cassidy and Bob Meeks on their way to robbing a bank in Montpelier, Idaho, and Martha Cannary, known as Calamity Jane. When the railroad built a tunnel through Aspen Mountain, Piedmont eventually turned into a ghost town. When they removed the rails and railroad ties, the bed became the road to Piedmont, the road which now leads from the freeway to Muddy Creek Station. Piedmont is known as Wyoming's most accessible ghost town. The charcoal kilns are amazing structures.



*Charcoal kilns at Piedmont ghost town.*



*Interstate 80, Wyoming. Muddy Creek is at the bottom of this long stretch. What took days in a covered wagon, took hours in a train, and now takes just minutes in a car.*



*John and Jane Roberts Bennett, and son Sam.  
They emigrated in 1863*



*Jonathan and Edward Bennett, sons of  
Benjamin and Catherine stayed in Wales.*

*Thomas Bennett, son of  
Edward and Mary Ann  
Coppack Bennett. Came to  
Utah at the age of 11. with  
his brother Steve and his  
cousin Benjamin Bennett  
who had returned to Wales  
as a missionary. Thomas  
lived with Benjamin until  
he got married. He died in  
Shelly, Idaho.*



*Family of Jonathan and Selma Gertrude  
Hughes Bennett, grandson of Benjamin and  
Catherine through Edward. The young girl on  
the left is Olwen Bennett Williams., who will  
be 93 years old on December 12, 1998.*

*The children in order of age are John  
Benjamin, Ann Jane Gertrude, Edward Arthur,  
Frederick Kimberly, Alec, Olwen, Jonathan,  
and Joseph.*





Back in Connah's Quay the news came slowly and less and less often. The *Millenial Star* printed the letter written on board the William Tapscott by Thomas Williams in July. It was more than a page long.

The next news they could read about the Budge group in the *Millenial Star* came in the Saturday, August 25 issue when they read about the group arriving at Florence. The report was not as long:

The company of Saints per ship *William Tapscott* arrived at Florence, Nebraska Territory, July 1st, four days after the handcart company started on their journey across the Plains. The English, Danish, Swiss, and also a company of Saints from South Africa were to start across the Plains on the 18th of July.

The last bit of news about the group arriving in Salt Lake City was at the end of a paragraph of other news.  
Millenial Star Saturday December 1, 1860

#### Summary of News and Passing Events

General - News of Italy, the King, Garibaldi, and the siege of Naples.

America - Announcement of the presidential elections in the United States. Mr. Abraham Lincoln the "Black Republican" candidate won. Slave states are in a terrible rage. "It is not improbable that the termination of the contest for the election of President, which resulted in the triumph of the Republican party, will prove to be in fact the

beginning of a greater and more terrible contest resulting in who can tell what?"

Then from the *Deseret News* a few sentences about the return to Utah of Judge John F. Kinney, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court for Utah Territory. At the end of the paragraph it mentions:

*The Mountaineer* of October 6th says "Captain Joseph W. Young's freight train arrived on Wednesday last. Captain W. Budge's emigrant train arrived yesterday afternoon. Four deaths are reported, and as many births. This is the last emigrant train.."

The family in Wales must have been happy to read that the Budge group arrived. I don't know if they knew which company the Bennetts were with. They read about the deaths on the trail, not knowing that their mother and grandmother was one of them.

After Benjamin, Catherine, and Elizabeth left for America, John and Jane Bennett and family were "more determined than ever to save money so they too could leave for distant shores." [Mabel] Benjamin Bennett (the grandson) wrote about earning money to emigrate:

When I was about eleven years of age my most earnest desire was to gather to Zion, and to aid my parents in accomplishing this object, I sought work and obtained it at a chemical dye manufactory in the neighborhood. For my services I obtained six shillings per week, which amount I

## CHAPTER 7

# *Meanwhile, Back Home in Connah's Quay*

gave to my mother every Saturday, and I felt proud to thus add to the fund being laid away for our emigration. Previous to my working at these dye works, I attended St. Mark's national school, and had a great desire to acquire all education, but was so anxious to emigrate that I quit the school of my own accord that I might earn money. Having to work under task-masters, however, and be on hand exactly at six o'clock in the morning, became so repugnant to my feelings, that after continuing at it six weeks, I yielded to my parents' persuasion and gave up the job. I afterwards went to school, and devoted my time to studying

*Salmon fishing on the River Dee. [Clwyd  
Records Office]*



well my lessons, in which I took great delight.

My desire for going West, however, did not abate, but increased. Two years from this time my father purchased a small boat and a trammel net for me and my brother (who was two years younger than myself) to use in the river Dee. We were considered very small by many to go salmoning or boating, nevertheless we went and were very successful. In fishing, one of us stood on the shore and managed a reel, around which was wound a small cord or line, attached to the net in the river. The other end of the net was fastened to the boat by means of a cord also, and the net kept in proper shape for catching salmon by the boatman. It was my business to manage the boat, being the eldest. The nets used were about 40 yards long, 7 feet deep, and were corked and leaded to keep them spread out while in the water. Salmon, as a rule, during the fishing season, swim against the tide, and as the nets drift with the water in a stretched condition, it is very seldom a salmon can pass by without being caught, unless it goes around the end of the net or breaks through.

We followed this up for one season, which lasted about four months, from May 1st to August 31st and then we attended school again. As the next summer approached we ventured a little farther down the river, and by this time we had two nets, and sometimes three.

Occasionally my father (if the steamer he was captain of happened to be in the harbor) would accompany us, and teach us many important items pertaining to the bars, shoals and run of the tide.

After the salmon season was over, then came the "fluking" season. In order to catch flukes, we were compelled to lead our nets twice as heavy as we did for the salmon.

These fish bury themselves in the sand, and, unless a net is well [leaded], the lower or lead line will pass over them without catching any. During this fall I devoted my earnest and sincere thoughts to my Father in Heaven, and asked Him to grant me the desire of my heart, which was, that we should be successful in our fishing. The purpose I had in taking this course was, that my father in the due time of the Lord might have sufficient means to gather to Zion. I can truthfully say the Lord heard my humble petitions, for he blessed us abundantly. On many occasions our nets were filled with fish and made white with them. The neighbors attributed our success to the superiority of our nets and tackle, but we knew that it was due to the blessing of God. We caught more than many men who had large families; and, in fact, no other boat caught more than we did.

Sometimes we would go as far as eight or ten miles from home. On the flood tide which flowed every twelve hours, we would clean and wash our nets. We could do this while sailing towards home, if the wind happened to be favorable, but when it did not favor us we would cast anchor and wash our nets. About the month of November, 1861, as we were coming up the river during a high spring tide, not realizing the danger caused by the swiftness of the tide, we cast anchor to wash our nets. No sooner, however, did the anchor fasten in the sand, than part of our nets fell into the river. So swiftly did the balance follow that we could not hold them, and to our dismay we saw them slip out of our hands and sink in the river. We felt much grieved, and my brother and I both commenced to cry. The greatest difficulty, however, was before us, which was to get the anchor up, as the boat was fairly running

under the water. Others could not come to our relief without endangering their own lives by running the boats together. The tide was running about nine knots an hour. Knowing that our condition was perilous, we felt to put our trust in the Lord, who is ever ready with His guardian angels to protect His children. We rallied our courage and proceeded to the bow of the boat to pull in the anchor rope, and the water came over her bow. However, we pulled away, and finally succeeded in obtaining the anchor without sinking the boat.

The next trial was to meet our mother, who was on the shore every day to see us land and help us ship our freight of fish to Chester market.

This day we caught a good "freight," as it was termed, nevertheless we felt terrified at the thought of going home without our three nets. It happened that, on reaching the shore, we were met not only by our mother, but also by our father and Elder E. L. Sloan, of the Liverpool Conference. We had nothing to offer by way of explanation but heavy sobs. Father, perceiving our feelings, did not scold us as we fully expected, but told us not to fret, although the loss of our nets was a very serious one.

Brother Sloan knowing our deep anxiety to obtain means for emigrating, and the struggles we were making to that end, was moved by the Spirit of God, and prophesied in the name of the Lord Jesus, while we were on the sand bank, that we should find the three nets unharmed, and with fish in them, on the ebb tide. The fulfillment of such a prophecy as this to any one outside of our Church would seem an impossibility, as there were many vessels anchored in the river above where the nets were lost, and which they would have to pass to come ashore. We all,



*Primrose Hill. John Bennett's family lived here. Jane Bennett Stephenson recalled, "Our home was on a hill called Primrose Hill. One of these houses that was owned by the government was our home as long as I can remember. It was only a short distance from the ocean." [Mabel] Mormon church meetings were held here.*

*The corner of Primrose Hill and Primrose Street. [Mabel]*



however, had faith when the promise was uttered that we should again find them as Brother Sloan predicted.

About eight hours from that time we went down the river in search, and found them in fulfillment of the prophecy, and returned home rejoicing. We thanked God that in His tender mercies He had not forgotten us in the hour of trouble.

My father, having a permanent situation, was enabled to earn considerable money. This, in addition to the prosperity attending the efforts of my brother and myself in fishing, enabled him to emigrate with his large family in the spring of 1863. He also assisted a Sister Walker, from Chester, and three of her children.

The day being set several weeks beforehand when we should leave our home for Liverpool, we governed ourselves accordingly. My father deemed it wise to keep it from his friends and relatives that we were going to America, until a few days from the time he was ready to start. The disposing of the household furniture created some bad feeling among relatives and friends, as nearly every one in the village wanted something as a token of friendship from the family. Scarcely anything was realized from the articles disposed of; they were almost given away. There was quite a clamoring for the boat and nets, the idea being prevalent that they would catch fish anywhere if they were only in the water. My father was not disposed to put them up for sale; he preferred to let the poor fishermen have them for a small trifle, just enough to have it said they were bought or sold. Both the nets and boat were kept as long as they would hang together.

Arrangements were made for my uncle and a friend of my father's to take the luggage to Liverpool in a pilot boat

to save expense, they offering their services free of charge, my brother and I to accompany them; father, mother and the rest of the family to take train the day following by way of Chester. The day we left Connah's Quay our neighbors and friends to the number of at least 300 assembled on the beach to witness our departure, most of whom shed tears and watched us as long as the boat could be seen. I remember quite well the time, and that I never shed a tear, for I knew that we were doing the will of the Lord. On the following day, when my father and family left, the whole village, almost to the last man, followed them to Queen's Ferry, a distance of two miles, to take a final leave of them, and many followed them to Liverpool.

Since I have returned on my mission, I have learned from many of the villagers that the last words my father spoke to his many friends on leaving them were, "If I don't live to come back and preach to you the Gospel of Jesus Christ, one of my sons will."

John and Jane Bennett and their family came to Utah in 1863. They sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Cynosure* and lost their three-year-old son to measles and he was buried at sea along with 28 other children. He joined his grandmother Catherine as the ones who died emigrating. They arrived in New York City and had to cross the eastern United States during the Civil War. The children walked practically the whole way from Florence to Salt Lake City.

The family was anxious to arrive in Utah to see their dear grandparents and Aunt Lizzie, as they called her, for they had not heard any word from them since their departure 3 years earlier. Benjamin Bennett and

Elizabeth were in Salt Lake City to meet them on their arrival the 14 October 1863, but it wasn't until then they learned about Catherine Jones Bennett's death. She had not lived to see Salt Lake, but had passed away on Sept 27, 1860 and was buried near a stream called the Little Muddy in Wyoming about 100 miles from the Salt Lake Valley. She was a heavy set woman and the walk across the plains had been more than she could bare. [Mabel]

There is a question I haven't been able to answer. It seems strange that none of the Bennetts in Wales received any knowledge of Catherine Bennett's death, which would seem like there was no communication going on between the Bennetts in America and the Bennetts in Wales. But Benjamin and Elizabeth were there in Salt Lake City to meet John Bennett's family at their arrival. How did Benjamin and Elizabeth know to come to Salt Lake City. Maybe there was communication between them, but they chose not to break the news about Catherine's death until the others arrived in Utah.

Jonathan and Edward Bennett stayed in Wales with their families and are the fathers of our beloved cousins in the old country. Catherine Bennett and her husband Thomas Hewitt came to America and settled in Holden, but we do not know exactly when they immigrated. Some family members are researching Catherine Hewitt. None of her descendants, if any, are known, and so none were invited to the memorial services for Catherine Jones Bennett. When Benjamin Bennett, son of John and Jane Bennett, returned on a mission to Wales, he brought back with him Steven and Thomas

Bennett who were sons of Edward Bennett who had died. Geoffrey Arnold explains how he died:

Captain Edward Bennett was Catherine Jones Bennett's youngest son. His ship was moored off Mostyn which is at the mouth of the River Dee. Apparently, when the tide went out the ship was lying in very shallow water and he was walking out across the sands to the ship. But he never arrived at the ship. When they searched for Ed, they found his umbrella on the sand. That is how they found him. He had a heart attack and had sunk into the sand. This story was told to me by my mother.

Benjamin's brother Edward also went on a LDS mission to Wales. In 1914 John Edward Hunter, son of John Davidson Hunter and Elizabeth Bennett (daughter of John and Jane Bennett), coming home from a mission in South Africa, met up with his wife in Connah's Quay at the home of Robert and Margery Bennett. This may have been the last meeting between the Utah and Welsh cousins for another 80 years.

#### *MEANWHILE, BACK IN UTAH*

*Where were Benjamin Bennett and daughter Elizabeth between 1860 and 1863 when John and Jane Bennett and family arrived?*

*Sometime between October 5th, 1860 and the spring of 1861 Elizabeth Bennett met John Kenney, an immigrant from Ireland who joined the Mormon church in South Africa and who had arrived in Salt Lake the year before. Some of the Bennett's good friends in the Budge Company were the families of Charles Wood, and Nicholas Paul who were immigrants from South Africa. They probably knew John Kenney in South Africa and may have been the ones to introduce John and Elizabeth.*

*After John Kenney returned from a down and back trip across the plains, he married both Elizabeth Bennett and Phoebe Alden, whom he had met on the trip, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on October 26, 1861. They first moved to Fillmore and then to Deseret. John Jr. was born to Elizabeth in Deseret on November 1, 1862. According to Elizabeth Kenney Robbin's history of Elizabeth Bennett, in October of 1863 the Kenney's took their year-old son John Jr. to Salt Lake to meet Elizabeth's brother John Bennett and family.*

*The John Bennett family was sent directly to Fillmore and arrived there before the end of October. They were taken into the homes of John Bowen, Charles Wood, and Nicholas Paul, from South Africa. [Mabel]*

*The next spring they moved to Deseret. In 1868 after the dam kept failing, the desert town of Deseret received its just desserts and was deserted. The Bennetts and Kenneys and several other families then moved to Holden, Utah.*



# Trying to trace our distant cousins

MORE than 130 years ago my ancestors came to the USA, leaving behind many of their family members.

After all these years, many cousins here would like to be able to contact distant cousins, who probably live in Wales today.

Were your great great grandparents Benjamin Bennett and Catherine Jones?

They were married in the Northop Church on December 31, 1818.

Their children were John married to Jane Roberts, Benjamin married Elizabeth Bowen, Jonathan married Jane Jones; Catherine married Thomas Hewitt; Edward married Mary Ann Coppack; Elizabeth married John Kenny.

Many of your cousins in America want to know you. We want to hold a

family reunion in Wales in 1992 or 1993 for the purpose of getting acquainted.

We know many of the Bennetts were 'lovers of the sea' and made their living that way. Perhaps some still do.

Please write and let us know about you.

MABEL WILLIAMS  
358 N 1000 E, Spanish Fork,  
Utah 84660, USA

## Letters



**TOGETHER AGAIN:** Mabel Williams from Utah, USA, with her new found family Geoff and Elsie Arnold from Connah's Quay and Pat Davies from Northop.

## Reunited

A FAMILY has been reunited after three generations of separation thanks to *The Chronicle*.

Mabel Williams, from Utah in the USA, wrote to us hoping to find family she knew lived in this area.

The same day we published her letter, cousins Geoff and Elsie Arnold from Connah's Quay replied, the first of more than 20.

And last week the whole family met for the first time at a reunion party for the family who have been apart since 1860.

As I write the following I must surely say, "every word that I wrote to those relatives, each phone call I made to Wales, I felt were prompted by the Spirit of the Lord, because of the way things worked out. I recorded things in my journal as they happened and I am taking this information from those recorded writings.

It all began on the 15 June 1991. Some of my cousins namely Merlin Christensen, his son Jerry and wife, Kimball J. Sorensen, Andy Sorenson, Reed Bennett (my brother) and myself met at Reed's home to discuss what we should do to further the temple work for our ancestors.

Merlin had received impressions that many of our family members on the other side of the veil were waiting for their blessings. I was asked to offer the opening prayer. I asked for the Spirit to guide us in our plans that we may accomplish the important work. As the discussion proceeded, talking mostly how the computer could help us. I had a feeling come over me and thoughts were put into my mind that I should share with the others. I had difficulty getting my turn to speak. Then Merlin said, "Mabel do you have something to say"? The Spirit was so strong within me, I could hardly contain it. Even Merlin sitting next to me, as he later voiced, could feel the Spirit radiate from me.

The words that came out of my mouth were not of my thinking because I have done research for too many years and realize just how slow the work can be.

The words were, "Benjamin & Catherine joined the church and came to America. Their oldest son and youngest daughter also came, leaving behind 4 other children in Wales. We need to go over there and have a reunion with our distant cousins." I purpose we do this in 1992! " I could

see by their expressions, it sounded rather strange to say go over there for a reunion when no one really knew anyone over there. Later after some discussion they said, "You pursue it".

The following morning, being Sunday, I made a phone call to Blanche Bennett, a person Merlin and Martha had meet while serving a mission in England. They had given me her address and phone number.

During the following week I wrote 4 letters addressed to the Local Newspaper and sent them to the little villages that were listed as places where some of our people came from. On the 5 July, my letter appeared in the Chester Chronicle. July 15, I received 2 letters from 2 different places. They had read the article and were anxious to meet me. I recorded in my journal, "This will work, as we pray and fast we will be guided in the right direction. Next spring we will be in Wales, the connections will be made!

September 1, I wrote, "Can you believe, letters pictures and phone calls to and from relatives who, just like us are interested in this Bennett family."

Reed and Sylvia had received a mission call and guess where, to England. One could only wonder the purpose for that PLACE.

On Feb. 1, our trip was planned for May 28, we were to be gone two weeks. By this time I had sent the names and addresses of all those who had been writing to me to Geoffrey Arnold. They planned to contact all and make plans.

One day about 5-6 weeks before we left, I felt so impressed to write to a Tony Bennett, who lived in England. He wrote back and had not known anything regarding our reunion. As I re-read his letter, the tears started to fall, not just

## CHAPTER 8

# *An Inspired Trip to Wales*

*by Mabel Bennett Williams*



*Olwen Williams. A great granddaughter of Benjamin and Catherine Jones Bennett, at 93 she is the senior member of the family in Wales, and perhaps of all the Bennett descendants. [Geoffrey Arnold]*

*top: Reunion in Wales in 1992  
bottom: Reunion in Wales in 1995*



a few, but they streamed down my face. I dropped to my knees and thanked my Father in Heaven for this great blessing.

I wrote, the Lord is guiding this trip. He is touching the hearts of those people, we are only instruments in His hands for some special reason. As I wrote to Reed my comments



were, "do you remember the movie the Ten Commandments, how it showed Moses with his arms outstretched saying, "Stand still and see the power of the Lord" I am very humble as I feel His power over this trip.

May 28, 1992 about 5:00 p.m. we were being welcomed into Geoffrey and Elsie's comfortable home with hugs and kisses as though we had known them long before, I truly feel my fingers had been guided in writing the words as we became acquainted through letters.

Saturday, we were together with the other cousins for a luncheon. People, who in the most part had not seen each other for many years, or who had not known one another. Within minutes cousins were talking and comparing notes and relationship as though they had known each other forever. Later Glen and I were in our room and he commented, "That was worth the trip over, we have seen a miracle!" Those dear cousins had a wonderful week planned for us.

"at a great treat was ours, as we learned about our special relatives over there.

Friday, we had a goodbye dinner. We shared a little history of the trek across from Liverpool of Benjamin and Catherine Bennett, our common ancestors. Merlin had taken a tape of the Tabernacle Choir singing "Come Come Ye Saints" We gave a little remembrance to those dear people, our family, a bit of history. They in turn sang their

National Anthem and a special song of their Queen. We departed with love in our hearts for each other and tears being shed from the eyes of many of us

As Elsie kissed me goodbye, she whispered in my ear, "If we never see each other again we will in the hereafter" She was crying and so was I.

Since that time, they have been here 3 times, the last was this past May, 1998. We went there again in 1995.



*Sunset on the River Dee at Connah's Quay.  
[Geoffrey Arnold]*

*Benjamin and Catherine Jones Bennett descendants in Wales*

*l to r. Suzanne McCormick, Betty Darlington (seated), Betty Coppack, Mary Edwards, Rita Hayes (back), Elsie Arnold, Josh McCormick (front), Pat Davies, Sheila Sweeney, Olwen Williams, Geoffrey Arnold, Blanche Bennett.*



*Looking down-river from Connah's Quay docks. New Bridge across the Dee opened by the Queen in March 1998.*

*"The River Dee at Connah's Quay is tidal and it is tidal as far as the weir at Chester. Above the weir it is fresh water and below it is salt. this picture has been taken at high water. If it had been taken at low water, i.e., when the tide is out, there are numerous sand banks revealed and the pictures could be more dramatic." Geoffrey Arnold.  
[Geoffrey Arnold]*





In May this year, whilst on yet another visit to our “cousins” in Utah, I was invited to accompany several of them on a “pilgrimage” to the plains of Wyoming to try and discover the burial place of Catherine, the wife of Benjamin Bennett who died on September 26th 1860 on the pioneer trail to the promised land.

Our party was led by Dale Boman and consisted of Mabel and Glen Williams, Sylvia and Reed Bennett, Gay McHargue and my wife Elsie and myself. We headed for Evanston, Wyoming via Heber City and Coalville and after a brief stop in the Evanston Visitor Centre we continued on Interstate 80 towards Fort Bridger, eventually leaving the main road half-way between the two towns and continuing on a dirt road in the direction of the ghost town of Piedmont.

Soon we were met by members of the Guild family who own the land through which the Muddy Creek flows and who have conducted research, together with Dale Boman, into the whereabouts of the burial place of Catherine.

Mrs. Guild and her daughter led us off the dirt road, across the Muddy Creek and some rough land as far as the vehicles could go. We then went on foot to the site of an old derelict Pony Express Station and the area of ground nearby where it is believed that Catherine and one or two other pioneers are buried.

The day of our visit, the sky was overcast and there was a cold, blustery wind blowing and I asked myself what was a 67 years old woman doing in such an inhospitable place, in a [covered wagon] full of a few family possessions and thousands of miles from her home-

town of Connah’s Quay. It is a saddening thought that after such a tremendous journey and effort, she succumbed to the vigours of the climate and terrain, probably worn-out.

However, we persevered in our search and found several large pieces of rock sticking out of the ground. Apparently these rocks were used to mark the graves of those who were buried there. After a while Mabel had a “feeling” that a certain rock was the one most likely to be marking Catherine’s burial place. No one will be able to prove that we had found the correct location, but no one will be able to prove otherwise. We know that somewhere there or nearby, Catherine lies buried. We agreed amongst ourselves that a marker should be fixed at the chosen spot.

Consequently, on September 26th, 1998, on the 138th anniversary of Catherine’s death, the monument to her memory will be fixed into the ground of the Guild ranch near the old Pony Express Station at the side of the Muddy Creek. On that day, the thoughts of the Bennetts in Wales will be with the Bennetts in America and we hope that the weather is kind to you while you carry out your task.

Special thanks must be paid to the Guild family for granting their kind permission for this work to be carried out on their land and to Dale Boman for pursuing his research to a successful conclusion.

Geoffrey Arnold (4th gen)  
Connah’s Quay, North Wales  
on behalf of the Bennetts in the U.K.

## CHAPTER 9

### *Greeting from Wales*

*by Geoffrey Arnold*

#### DIRECTIONS TO THE MONUMENT

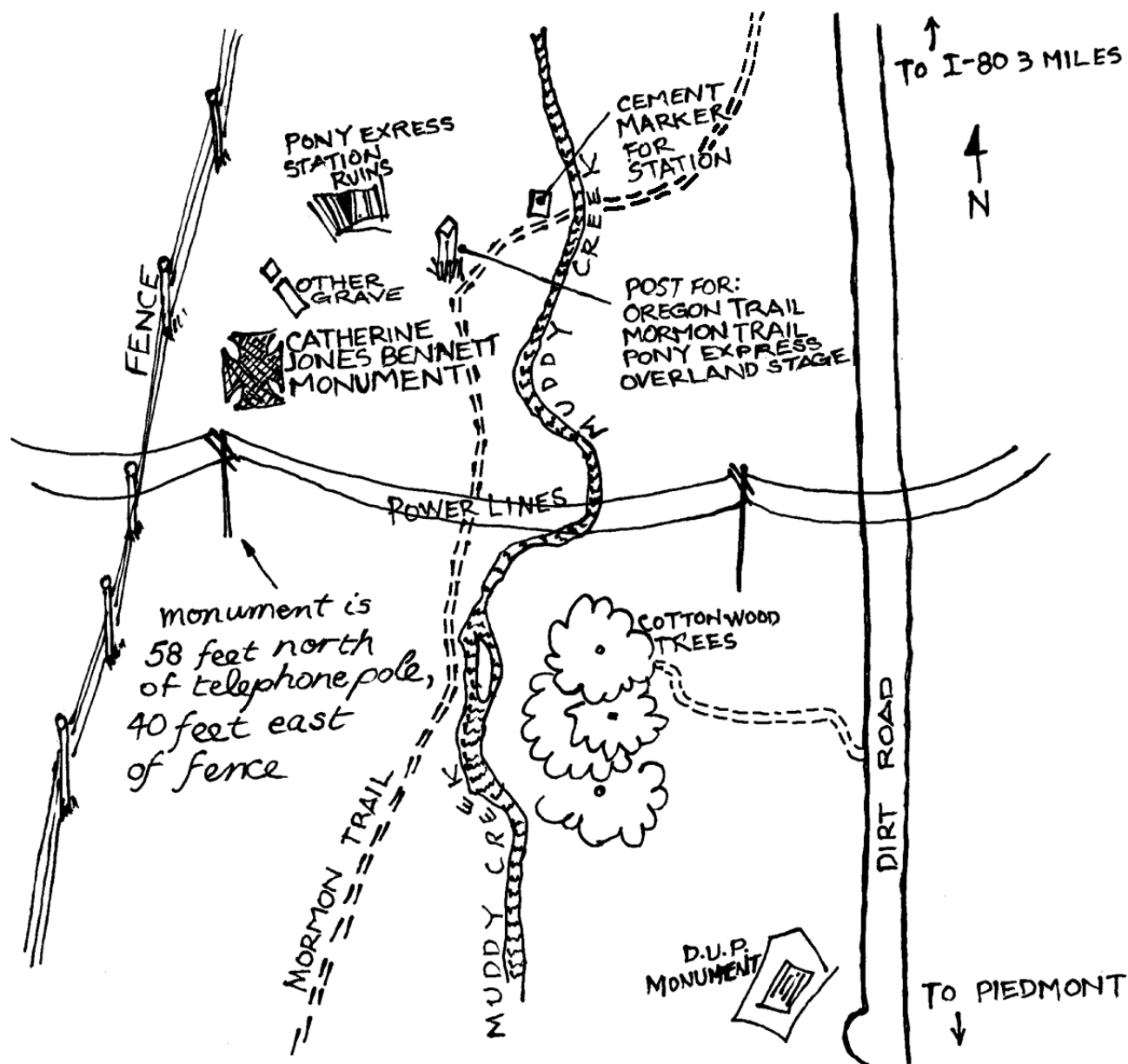
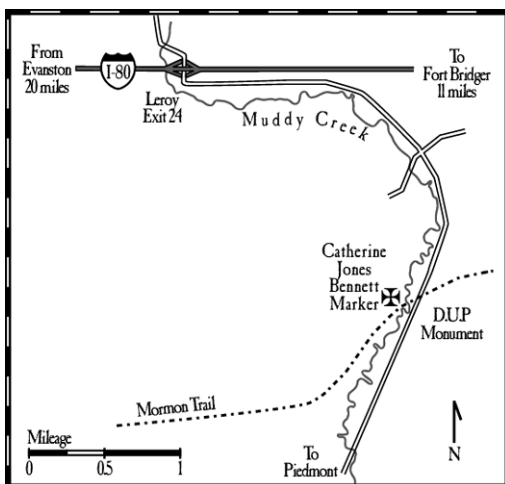
On I-80, take Exit 24 (Leroy), turn right. Go south on dirt road towards Piedmont. The road follows Muddy Creek. 2.8 miles from the freeway you will see a stand of cottonwood trees, which is Muddy Creek Camp. The D.U.P. monument is a little farther on your right. Across the creek from Muddy Creek Camp is the location of the Pony Express Station. Power lines cross the creek and a fence runs parallel to the creek. The monument is 58 feet north of the telephone pole and 40 feet east of the fence.

#### NUMBERS TO CALL FOR PERMISSION TO ACCESS GUILD RANCH PROPERTY

Earl & Jody Guild (307) 789-3171

Wendy Peterson (307) 789-4203

Kelly Guild (307) 789-8609



September 26 came very quickly. It seemed so far away on that cold day in May. I couldn't believe how everything came together so well. The plaque was ready. The fence was in. The money came. Mabel was worried back then what kind of weather we would have at the end of September in Wyoming. I said that no matter what, it had to be on that day, the anniversary of her death. The week before I was the one who was worried about the weather. And the weathermen on TV didn't give me much hope. Mabel said not to worry, just to pray. The forecast was for bad weather, but it ended up being a nice day. We didn't know how many people would show up. I made 100 programs and brought 100 name tags. Those ran out very quickly. I couldn't believe all the cars that just kept coming. A lot of people had a lot of faith in someone

(me) whom they had never met. We figure that nearly 250 people showed up. We had representatives from Utah, California, Idaho, Texas, Arizona, Colorado, Nevada, and even Wyoming. The dedication was a great experience, and a tribute to Catherine Jones Bennett and her sacrifice. Mabel said that everyone who has called or written her since has mentioned that they sensed a special feeling. One person told her "It was so much more than I ever expected."

I had Geoffrey Arnold help choose a good Welsh song for us to sing. "Guide Us Oh Thou Great Jehovah." is a favorite Welsh anthem (even sung at Princess Diana's funeral) and was also included in the first Mormon hymnal in 1835. The tune name in Welsh is Cwm (valley) Rhondda (river).

## CHAPTER 10

### *The Dedication September 26, 1998*



*The marker adorned with flowers from loving descendants.*

Dedication of monument  
in the memory of

## Catherine Jones Bennett

Mormon Pioneer

September 26th, 1998  
on the 138th anniversary of her death  
at the site of the  
Muddy Creek Station, WY

**Welcome** Dale Boman

**Song** *Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah*

**Invocation** by invitation

**A Message from Wales** Geoffrey Arnold, Connah's Quay

**About Muddy Creek Station** Wendy Peterson

**Vocal solo** Craig Stephenson  
*Yes! My Native Land, I Love Thee*

**Visit from Catherine Jones Bennett** Portrayed by  
Mabel Bennett Williams

**Musical solo** Craig Stephenson  
*Come, Come, Ye Saints*

**Dedication of monument** Reed Bennett

We had a written greeting sent from Wales which we were going to read at the occasion, but with the help of Carolyn Johnson, Brett Wilcox, and AT & T cellular, we were able to connect the Muddy and the Dee in actual time and hear Geoffrey's greetings from himself. We put the cell phone up to the microphone and everyone could hear. It really brought the circle together. It also makes us realize what wonders of technology now exist. That our voices not only connected between the USA and Wales, but that they bounced between a satellite or two in outer space in the process.

Wendy Guild Peterson, whose family owns the property, spoke to us about the history of the area and answered questions about Muddy Creek and about Catherine Jones Bennett. She concluded by reading a letter in verse from a pioneer ancestor to us in our day. It was very moving. She did not acknowledge it at the time, but after a little probing by people who were interested in the poem, she admitted that she had written it herself. Many people wanted copies and she gave us permission to print it in this book.

Mary June Hemphill called me early in the summer and said that if we were going to do this dedication, that we had to have Craig Stephenson sing. She called him and he graciously accepted. He hadn't sung much since the death of his own mother and we are thankful he chose to sing for us.

He sang "Yes! My Native Land I Love Thee," another song which was included in the first Mormon hymnal, and was sung by Mormon emigrants on board ships as they departed Liverpool. The song addresses the mixed emotions one has at leaving friends, family, and homeland to go to a new strange land. Craig sang it as though he had written it.

We had a visit from Catherine Jones Bennett through the personage of Mabel Bennett Williams. She was a little reluctant to dress up like Catherine and portray her, but after a little elbow bending I convinced her that no hired could bring what Mabel could to the occasion. Her words and presence really helped to personalize the occasion.

Craig sang part of the hymn "Come, Come, Ye Saints," written by a pioneer for pioneers, and then had us all join in. When we sang the words "And should we die before our journey's through, Happy day! All is well." Craig motioned to Catherine's marker. It was a very touching moment because those words applied so much to the occasion we were commemorating. It was also very reassuring to continue with the words "We then are free from toil and sorrow too. with the just we shall dwell." I don't think any of us will forget blessing that moment with the words "All is well, all is well."

Reed Bennett gave a dedicatory prayer for the marker that was both to-the-point and poignant. Afterwards Mabel buried a jar with the names of all those who were in attendance at the event and who had contributed for the erection of the marker.

Afterwards, it was very fun to meet and mingle with so many new people who all shared a common bond. Several people went to Piedmont ghost town and took a tour from Wendy Peterson, others went on to Fort Bridger. A very few of us spent the night at Muddy Creek and enjoyed the stars at night and we had a chance to sort of take in all that has happened this year and in past years at Muddy Creek.

Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,  
Guide us to the promised land;  
We are weak but thou art able,  
Hold us with thy powerful hand:  
Holy Spirit,  
Feed us till the Savior comes.

Open, Jesus, Zion's fountains:  
Let her richest blessings come;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Guard us in this holy home;  
Great Redeemer,  
Bring, O Bring the welcome day!

When the earth begins to tremble,  
Bid our fearful thoughts be still.  
When thy judgements spread destruction,  
Keep us safe on Zion's hill,  
Singing praises,  
Songs of glory, unto thee.

This popular Welsh anthem was included in the first LDS hymnbook in 1835.



*A panoramic view taken during the dedication. Wendy Peterson is in the center giving her presentation.*

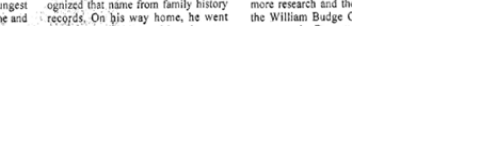
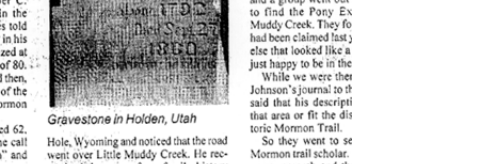
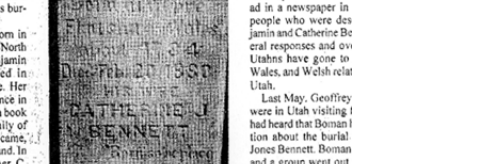
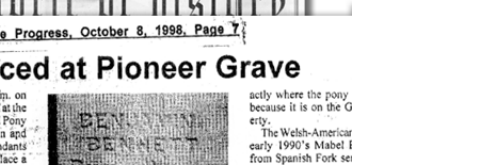
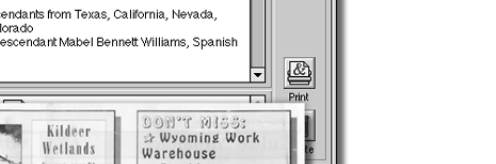
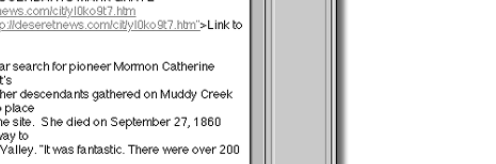
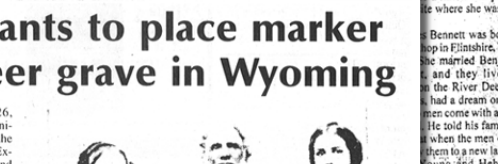
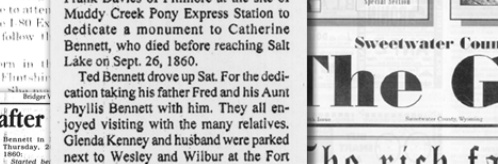
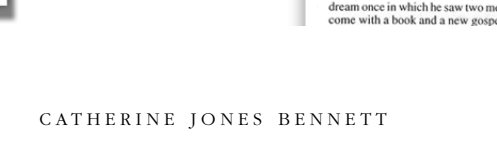
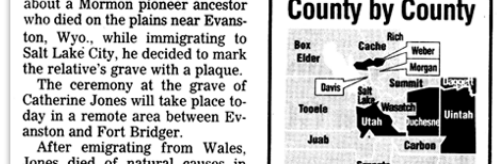
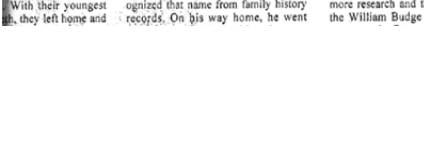
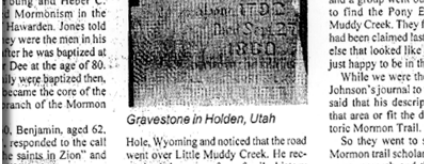
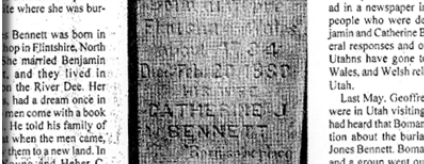
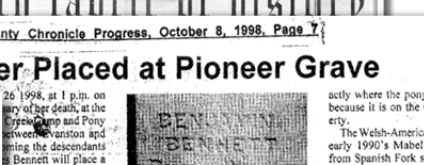
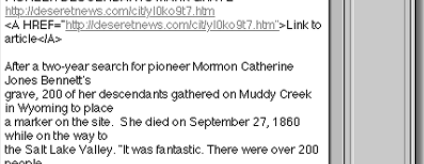
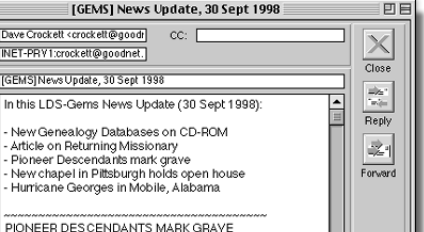
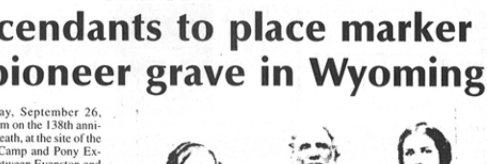
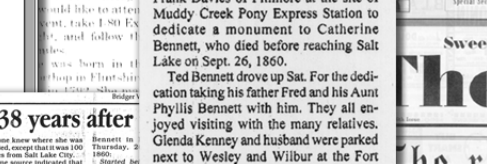
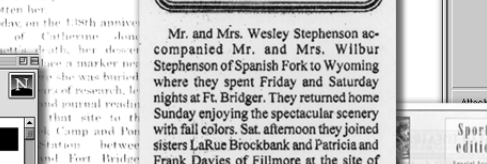
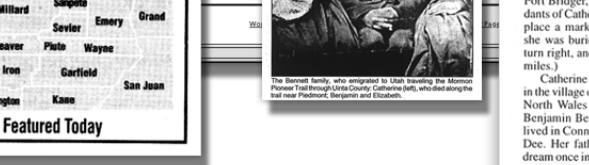




# Attention Descendants of Catherine Jones Bennett

Catherine Jones Bennett wife of Benjamin Bennett of Connah's Quay Wales, died and was buried September 27, 1860

near the Little Muddy Creek. She was only one year old when she was buried. Recent research she was buried. We are hoping this unit of her death \$1.00 per decade funds collected by dedication of the Saturday, Sept 26, 1998, contact Christine or mail donation City, Utah. We of all Bennett families







Sports  
edition  
Special Section



Killedeer  
Wetlands  
See page E3

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# The Guide

## The rich fabric of history

### A family decided to rediscover its rich past, beginning the hunt



BRITTANY ERICKSON, an eighth generation descendant of Catherine Jones Bennett, stands next to her ancestor's grave site recently. Seventy-year-old Brittany and her parents live in Salt Lake City.

By KATHY GILBERT

The pioneers who crossed the plains and mountains of the country more than a century ago made of strong stuff and their determination is unparalleled. Their hardiness and stamina, tens of thousands died making the trek. The making of the trail was a quest for a new life along the trails from the east to California.

Thanks to the descendants of the family whose descendants reach from Northern Wales to America, one of the most intriguing mysteries.

On Sept. 26, at least eight generations of the family gathered in Bennett gathered in a square space on Muddy Creek in the town of Evanston and Fort Bridger to place a marker of the grave of their ancestor.

The family was in Flintshire in Northern Wales in 1792. When she was 18, she married a man of a dream he had come to him with a book and a vision. He was a riverboat pilot. It was when Catherine was 48 that Brigham Young and the two men came, they would all follow them to a new land.

He saw two men come to him with a book and a vision. He was a riverboat pilot. It was when Catherine was 48 that Brigham Young and the two men came, they would all follow them to a new land.

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### Catherine Jones Bennett 1792-1860



The Bennett family lived in the village of Cemaes, North Wales, and died there in 1792. Catherine Jones Bennett was born in 1792 and died in 1860. She was a pioneer and a woman of strong faith. She was the first woman to settle in the Salt Lake Valley. She was the first woman to be buried in the Salt Lake Valley. She was the first woman to be buried in the Salt Lake Valley.

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More than 200 descendants gathered to dedicate the memorial, sing songs and most family members from after they hailed from Utah, Wyoming, Texas, Colorado and New Mexico. On the day, they never forgot their beginnings.



*Wendy Peterson, a member of the Guild Family whose ranch includes the site of the Muddy Creek Station, reads "To My Dearest Children," a stirring letter in verse from a pioneer ancestor to modern-day descendants. It was included in this book by popular request. Courtesy of Wendy Peterson.*

## WENDY PETERSON'S POEM

### TO MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

Many years ago we came across the plains.  
Some of us walked and some on wagon trains.

There were many hardships in Missouri where we started.  
Those mobs of men were mean and so cruel-hearted.

They gave us no choice. We had to leave that land—  
Go on with nothing but trust in the Lord's hand.

Some of us buried children, husbands and friends.  
At those times it seemed our journey would never end.

We covered their graves with rocks when we could, just so,  
But sometimes we left our loved ones in nothing but snow.

We moved on only because of our faith in His Son  
And knowing we'd meet them again when our life was done.

There were times when we didn't know what we'd eat.  
We tried just about everything from buffalo to the leather  
shoes on our feet.

Sometimes it was so bitter cold with snow all over the  
ground  
And other times the hot sun was turning everything brown.

But, times on the trail weren't always that bad.  
When we would dance at night, what a good time we had!

And the miraculous priesthood blessings helping to keep us  
alive,  
The power of God was with us and on this we did rely.

Most of us made it to the valley with our Prophet Brigham  
Young.  
Oh the joy that filled our bosom as I remember the songs we  
sung.

Oh my children, can you feel the love of my spirit?  
If you listen close, you might even hear it.

For you are the reason that we came so faithfully,  
So you'd have freedom to raise your family.

Times are tough for you and we watch you now and then,  
Trying to do what's right in this world of sin.

Yes, we buried our children along the way,  
But is the pain so different from watching a child stray

Into paths of wickedness and trials of sin?  
Oh when will their hearts turn to the Lord again?

I say to you, "Be a pioneer. Endure to the end,  
Making the trail better for your family and friends."

And maybe a hundred years from now,  
Your descendants, sitting under a tree, will say, "Wow!"

"How did they do it? I can't believe they made it through  
Those trials of life that we all have to do."

You know I have a testimony, but I leave this with you, still,  
God lives and He loves us and He forever will.

Though you're honoring us, we'd like to honor you, too,  
And all the wonderful things that each of you do.

We're proud of you and the path that you've trod.  
May we all meet together soon with our ever-loving God.

By Wendy Peterson





## PRESS COVERAGE

The Millard County paper and the Spanish Fork press both printed information during the summer when we were searching for descendants. The dedication itself was covered by those two papers and the Provo Daily Herald, The Deseret News, The Salt Lake Tribune, The

Sweetwater County Guide, the Bridger Valley paper, and the Evanston something or rather. The Sweetwater County Guide is the only paper who sent out a reporter to cover the event. On the Internet it was covered by the Provo Daily Herald ([www.daily-herald.com](http://www.daily-herald.com)) and the Deseret News ([www.desnews.com](http://www.desnews.com)) and is available on the online archives of both papers. It was also covered by LDS Gems, which sends out email messages to over 25,000 readers. Only the Evanston paper got the information wrong. Its headline reads that the Boman family dedicated the monument. Even though my sisters were there, I think I was the only person there that day whose last name was Boman. I am reprinting a few of the articles here.

## DESCENDANTS MARK LONG-LOST PIONEER GRAVE

*200 gather on 138th anniversary of woman's death*

By Rodger L. Hardy

DESERET NEWS staff writer

PROVO — A family who searched two years for the lost pioneer grave of an ancestor finally placed a marker near the Wyoming site on Saturday—the 138th anniversary of the woman's death.

Both American and Welsh descendants of Catherine Jones Bennett were involved in researching and contributing money and historical photographs in the search. The aged Bennett, of North Wales, died Sept. 26, 1860, while crossing the plains with a group of Mormon settlers on their way to Utah. "It was fantastic. There were over 200 people there, all descendants from Texas, California, Nevada, Idaho and Colorado (and Utah)," descendant Mabel Bennett Williams, Spanish Fork, said Monday.

*A visit from Catherine Jones Bennett herself—with a little help from Mabel Bennett Williams. Mabel was the perfect choice. Mabel knows as much about Catherine Jones Bennett as anyone alive, and is near the same age as Catherine was when she died and as Mabel herself has confessed "has about the same body type." If Catherine was at all like Mabel, then we had a very sweet grandmother, indeed.*



*Kevin and Chrystal Dent cross the makeshift bridge their family built so that all in attendance at the dedication could get across Muddy Creek.*



*Mabel Bennett Williams burying a jar with the names of those who donated to the monument and those who were in attendance at the dedication.*

"This was a very spiritual experience as well. We felt the spiritual presence of those from the other side."

The death of her great-great-grandmother is mentioned in the pioneer journal of Joel Hills Johnson, who wrote the Mormon hymn, "High on a Mountain Top." Bennett's death is also mentioned on the gravestone of her husband, Benjamin, in Holden, Millard County. Prior to discovering the gravestone, family members weren't aware that an ancestor died crossing the plains.

Johnson's entry said Bennett was buried near a Pony Express station on the Muddy, a creek in Wyoming about a 100 miles northeast of Salt Lake City. The station is no longer standing, but the foundation is still there amid some timbers, said descendant Dale Boman of Salem.

The Sept. 27, 1860, entry reads, "Started before breakfast, traveld about 8 or 9 miles to the Station on the Muddy near some Springs where we campt for the balance of the day and night, at this place we buried Sister Bennett an aged saint from England who died the day before." It was at a family reunion in Holden two years ago that Boman first became aware that he had an ancestor buried on the plains. Wanting to find out more about it, he searched records at the LDS Church Historical Department in Salt Lake City, where he found Johnson's entry.

He then went to the Internet for information on Muddy Creek and the nearby ghost town of Piedmont, then the closest settled area to the Pony Express station between Evanston and Fort Bridger. After making numerous phone calls from information he found on the Internet, he located descendants of the people who ran the station still living in the area.

The Pony Express station, like others across the West,

was in operation only a year, from 1860 to 1861. The station's descendants helped him locate the site, he said.

Meanwhile, Williams had made contact with relatives in Wales. They came to the United States to visit and were with Boman and Williams during the initial discovery of the old Pony Express station and the general area of the unmarked gravesite of their common ancestor.

Saturday, relatives in Wales participated in the ceremony via cell phone. "This was hands across the water, so to speak," Williams said.

About three years after Catherine Jones Bennett died, her pioneer son and his family passed by her grave, not knowing she was buried there, records indicate. The family didn't learn of her death until they reached Salt Lake City. Other members of her family also emigrated from Wales.

A large, single rock, similar to rocks some distance away, marks what may be her grave, Williams said, and that's where the marker was placed Saturday by both Welsh and American family members.

## **DESCENDANTS GATHER TO PLACE MARKER AT WELSH PIONEER GRAVE**

9/26/98

THE DAILY HERALD

Years and generations have slipped by, but the descendants of one Welsh pioneer have not forgotten her. Today, on the 138th anniversary of Catherine Jones Bennett's death, her descendants will place a marker near the site where she was buried.

It took years of research, letter writing and journal read-

ing to pinpoint that site to the Muddy Creek Camp and Pony Express Station between Evanston and Fort Bridger, Wyo. If you would like to attend the 1 p.m. event, take I-80 Exit 24, turn right, and follow the road three miles.

Catherine was born in the village of Northop in Flintshire, North Wales in 1792. She married Benjamin Bennett, a pilot, and they lived in Connah's Quay on the River Dee.

Her father, John Jones, had a dream in which he saw two men come with a book and a new gospel. He told his family of the dream and that when the men came, they would follow them to a new land. In 1840 Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball preached the gospel and introduced The Book of Mormon in the nearby village of Hawarden.

Jones told his family that they were the men in his dream and soon after he was baptized at night in the River Dee at the age of 80. Several members of his family were also baptized that same night. The family became the core of the Connah's Quay branch of the LDS Church.

In May 1860, Benjamin, aged 62, and Catherine, 67, responded to the call to "gather with the saints in Zion" and set out for Utah. With their youngest daughter, Elizabeth, they left home and family and sailed from Liverpool to New York, aboard the William Tapscott. They then boarded a train, later a steamer and eventually arrived in Florence, Nebraska. On July 20, they started their journey across the plains with the William Budge Ox Train Company.

Catherine was so close to her dream, but she never made it. 100 miles before reaching Salt Lake City, Catherine died.

More of Catherine's children emigrated with their fam-

ilies in 1863. They unknowingly passed their mother's grave, not learning of her death until they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. A branch of the family remains in Wales.

#### THE MARKER

A couple of years ago Dale Boman went to a family reunion in Holden, Utah, where the Bennetts settled. He saw on Benjamin's gravestone that his wife Catherine died crossing the plains about 100 miles from Salt Lake City.

"I had no idea that we had any ancestor who died crossing the plains. I thought they all made it to Utah," Boman said.

No one knew where she was buried, except that it was 100 miles from Salt Lake City. One source said that she was buried on the Little Muddy. So last year Boman started looking into it.

One day, when he was driving to Jackson Hole, Wyo., he noticed that the road went over Little Muddy Creek. He recognized that name from family history records.

On his way home, he went through Fort Bridger and bought some maps and drove to Muddy Creek. Boman soon learned of three creeks in the area called muddy: Muddy Creek, or Big Muddy, Little Muddy, and Dry Muddy Creek.

In Salt Lake City at the Historical Department, Boman found the pioneer journal of Joel Hills Johnson which mentions the death of Catherine in his entry for Thursday, 26 September, 1860, "Started before breakfast traveled about 8 or 9 miles to the Station on the Muddy near some Springs where we camped for the balance of the day and night, at this place we buried Sister Bennett an aged saint from England who died the day before."



*Sarab, Hannab, and Devin Wilcox, 8th generation from Catherine Jones Bennett and born 200 years later.*

## Boman family to dedicate marker at site of Mormon pioneer's death

*The newspaper headline from Evanston, Wyoming that didn't quite get it right. The article was accurate, though.*

Using the internet, Boman was able to find phone numbers in Fort Bridger to find information about Muddy Creek and the ghost town of Piedmont, nearby. He eventually came across the Guild family who owns the property where the Pony Express station stood. Later, he learned it is near there where Catherine was buried.

### CONNECTION

In the early 1990s Mabel Bennett Williams from Spanish Fork sent out a classified ad in a newspaper in Wales asking for information on people who were descendants of Benjamin and Catherine Bennett. She got several responses and over the years some Utahns have gone to meet relatives in Wales, and Welsh relatives have come to Utah.

"These people we've met, we write, we telephone," Williams said. "There's just a real close bond there."

Last May, Geoffrey and Elsie Arnold were in Utah visiting from Wales. They had heard that Boman had some information about the burial site of Catherine Jones Bennett. Boman called the Guilds, and a group went out on a blustery day to find the Pony Express station on Muddy Creek. They found one grave that had been claimed last year, but not much else that looked like a grave. They were just happy to be in the general area.

While we were there Boman showed Johnson's journal to the Guilds and they said that his descriptions didn't match that area or fit the distances in the historic Mormon Trail.

So they went to see LaMar Berrett, Mormon trail scholar. He had Boman do more research and they found out that the William Budge Ox Company, the company the Bennetts were with, took a circuitous route around Fort

Bridger.

It was a route called Joseph W's Cut-Off (named after Joseph W. Young) and would eventually be the route taken by the transcontinental railroad a few years later. Now the journal matched up perfectly and they were confident that the Pony Express Station was where their pioneer grandmother was buried.

They sent out flyers to as many relatives as they knew, had a few newspapers make an announcement, and now Catherine Jones Bennett will finally have a marker in the general area of where she was buried.

## THE RICH FABRIC OF HISTORY: A FAMILY DECIDED TO REDISCOVER ITS RICH PAST, BEGINNING THE HUNT

THE GUIDE

Sweetwater County, Wyoming, October 6, 1988

By KATHY GILBERT Staff Writer

The pioneers who crossed the plains and mountains of the country more than a century ago were made of strong stuff and their determination is unparalleled.

Despite their hardiness and stamina, tens of thousands died making the trek. It is estimated that 30-40,000 graves lie along the trails from the east to California

Thanks to the determination of one family whose descendants reach from Northern Wales across America, one of those graves is no longer a mystery.

On Sept 26, at least eight generations of the descendants of Catherine Jones Bennett gathered in a quiet spot on Muddy Creek between Evanston and Fort Bridger to place a marker of the grave of their ancestor.

Catherine Jones was born in Northrop in Flintshire in

Northern Wales in 1792. When she was young, her father told her of a dream he had.

He saw two men come to him with a book and a new gospel. He told his family that when the dream came true and the two men came, they would, all follow them to a new land.,

She married Benjamin Bennett and the couple moved to Connah's Quay on the River Dee. He was a riverboat pilot.

It was when Catherine was 48 that Brigham Young and Heber Kimball traveled to Wales and preached Mormonism in a nearby village. Her father told his family these were the two men in his dream.

It took another 20 years, but Catherine and her husband, with their youngest daughter, Elizabeth set out on the daunting trip to the promised land of Utah. Catherine was 67, her husband 65.

The trip began by boat as the family sailed from Liverpool, England in 1860. After landing in New York City, they boarded a train to Florence, Neb.

Two months later they joined the William Budge Ox Train Company for the final—but most grueling part of the trip.

Catherine didn't make it. She died 100 miles from Salt Lake City on Sept. 26, 1860.

An entry in the journal of Joel Hills Johnson talks about her burial:

“Started before breakfast traveled about 8 or 9 miles to the Station on the Muddy near some Springs where we camped for the balance of the day and night, at this place we buried Sister Bennett an aged saint from England who died the day before.(sic)”

Her husband and daughter continued the trip into the Salt Lake Valley and more of their children emigrated from Wales in 1863. They passed their mother's grave without knowing she had died. Several years ago, Dale Boman, one of the Bennett's descendants, went to a family reunion in Holden, Utah where Benjamin Bennett settled. It was the first time he had seen the headstone that noted Benjamin's wife had died on the trek to Utah.

"I had no idea that we had an ancestor who died on the plains. I thought they all made it," Boman said.

He discovered that no one seemed to know where she was buried. One source said she was buried on the Little Muddy.

One day last year on his way to Jackson, Boman noticed one creek the road crossed was called the Little Muddy. On his way back, he stopped in Fort Bridger and bought a map and located Muddy Creek.

He drove out to the area and discovered it is a very long creek. Besides that, three creeks had the name "Muddy"—Big Muddy, Little Muddy and Dry Muddy.

"It was frustrating because I thought I was so close," he said.

In his research he found mention made of a Pony Express Station and the town of Piedmont, so he went to the Internet to find more information. He got phone numbers of people in Fort Bridger and made dozens of calls until someone told him about the Guild family and their daughter, Wendy Peterson, who lived near the old ghost town.

When he called her, she said she knew exactly where the old Pony Express Station was because it was on the Guild Ranch.



Boman was elated, along with other descendants, but one problem quickly arose.

When the Guilds looked at the journal and the research, some of the journal descriptions and distances did not match the historic trail.

So he went to see LaMar Berrett, a Mormon trail expert. Following more digging into records, they found that the William Budge Ox Train had taken a route around Fort Bridger called Joseph W's Cutoff. The route was eventually used by the transcontinental railroad.

Now the journal matched perfectly and the family became certain their grandmother, Catherine Bennett, was buried near the Pony Express Station.

Even prior to the search for her grave Catherine's descendants located family members still in Wales. Upon finding the general area of the grave, family newsletters were sent out and plans began to place a marker at the spot.

Descendants contributed money, photos and moral support to see the marker become a reality.

More than 200 descendants gathered on the quiet hillside to dedicate the memorial, sing songs and meet family members from afar. They hailed from Utah, Wyoming, Texas, Colorado and Nevada—eight generations who never forgot their beginnings.

**CAPTIONS:**

BRITTANY ERICKSON, an eighth generation descendant of Catherine Jones Bennett, reads the marker put in place at her ancestor's grave site recently. Seven-year-old Brittany and her parents live in Salt Lake City.

THIS POST IS MARKED on each side with the name of one of the trails which crossed through Muddy Creek at this location. In addition to the Mormon and California Trails, the Oregon and Pony Express also used the spot.

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